

CN CALLING

There is No Dark
Hour That Will
Not Pass Away

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

THE EDITOR'S JUDGMENT DAY

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ONE THOUSANDTH NUMBER

THE RIDER MEETS HIS STEED AGAIN

A Tale of Two Horses

It seems only the other day that in a London drawing-room everyone was talking at once to a tall, bronzed man. He was Tschiffely.

Quite unexpectedly he had become famous because, just out of a love of adventure, he had ridden 10,000 miles from Buenos Aires in South America to Washington, and had written a book about it, Tschiffely's Ride. Tschiffely's Ride was on everyone's tongue, though the rider thought more of the two Patagonian horses that had carried him than of himself.

Such a short time ago it seems, but it is actually seven years, as he has just reminded us by going to Buenos Aires again to revisit the two old horses, Mancha and Gato, who carried him on that long perilous ride.

They carried him across the rolling South American pampas. With him they scaled the Bolivian Andes, struggled through Peruvian sands, crossed swinging rope and plank bridges, and swam crocodile-infested rivers.

The dauntless three shivered among the snows of the high mountains, and sweltered in Atacama and Panama. Often they had not enough to eat, and less to drink. Every kind of insect

assailed them, not to speak of vampire bats. Tschiffely made light of it all in telling it, but, with his knowledge of his wild Patagonian companions, born of his love for them, he made play with their distaste for the hard roads and crowded cities of the United States when they exchanged the wild for civilisation. How glad they were when, escaping from the narrow canyons of New York's skyscrapers, they were hoisted in big wooden boxes and sailed for Buenos Aires again!

There Tschiffely left them, having provided for their restful future, and when he had said "Good-bye, Mancha and Gato," he waved his battered old sombrero and rode away into the sunset. They hardly expected to see him back again; but the other day Tschiffely returned to their paddock, and they knew him at once! Seven years is a long time in the life of a horse, but they whinnied as if they were again the young mustangs he had picked from the herd in Patagonia.

In seven years much can happen in the life of a man. Mr Cunninghame Graham, who was in the drawing-room that day, has gone, leaving to his friend Tschiffely the task of writing

his life. When that was done it was thought he might settle down in England, though by birth he is Swiss.

It was not to be. The unconquerable desire to wander came again on him, and once again he set out on yet another ride through South America.

First he followed the Atlantic coast south to the Strait of Magellan. The journey was across parched and windswept plains till he came to the Chubut Valley, where the descendants of hardy Welsh settlers prosper on hard work. A snowstorm drove him back when he would have crossed the mountains to the Beagle Channel; so he returned to the mainland, entering Magellanes, where Chile stretches a frozen finger to the south.

A Ride of 7000 Miles

Then he rode on and on, with the young Patagonian successors to Mancha and Gato, along the eastern slopes of the Andes. Here the way leads past icefields and glaciers and lakes that only explorers and Red Indians look upon. There would be hardships in plenty, both in the Andes and along the Rio Negro, by which he rode in order to see Mancha and Gato at Buenos Aires again.

What tales they all would have to tell each other, though the horses are dumb, and Tschiffely is no loud speaker. But when he tells the tale of the second wandering may we be there to hear. It will be the tale of a ride of 7000 miles; and he might preface it with Kipling's line, "He rides fastest who travels alone."

BBC NEWS

The Faithful Record of the Spoken Word

We think it goes without saying that the BBC's biggest audience every night is for the News. We imagine that everybody listens in at nine o'clock.

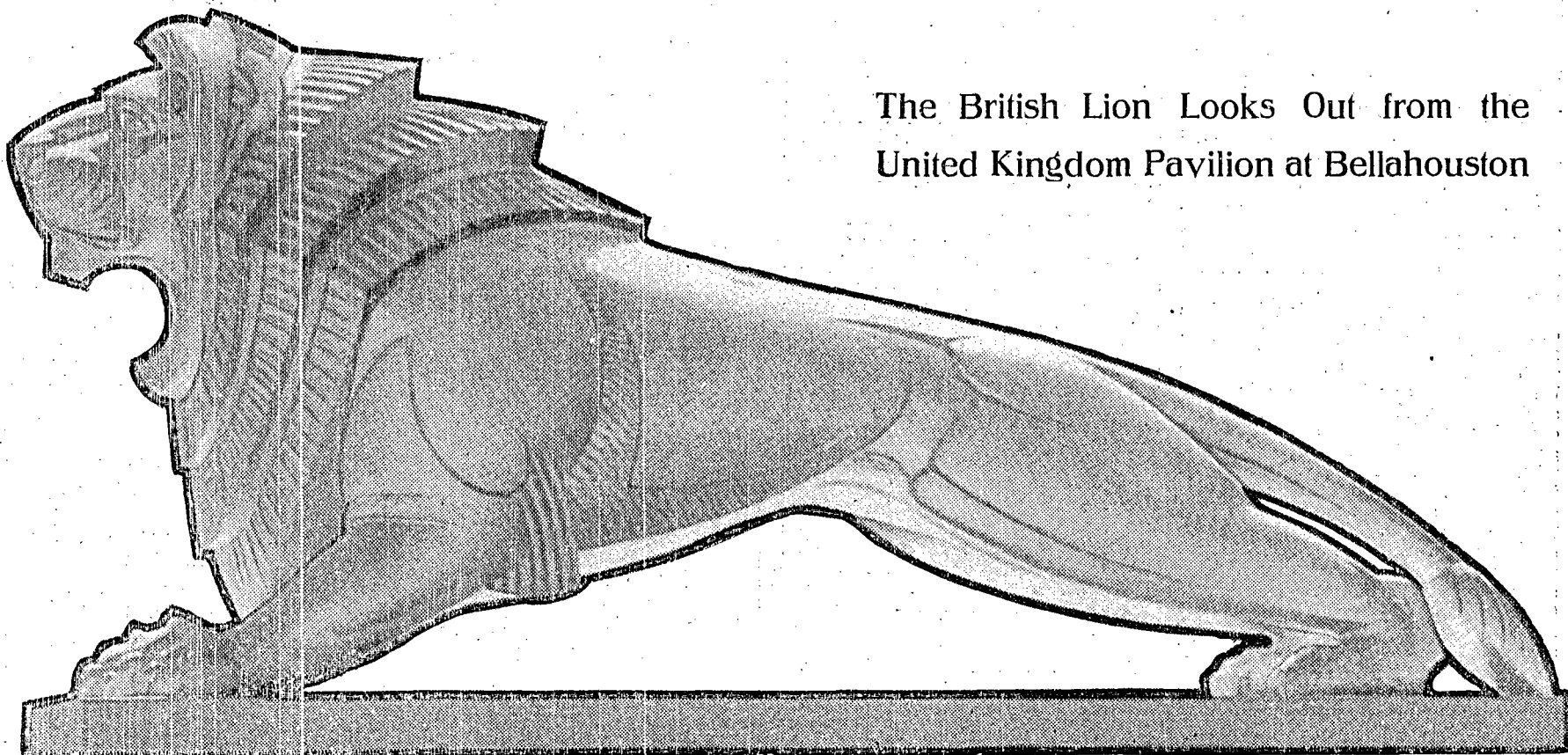
The CN looks forward to the day when Broadcasting House will televise the news on a screen in every home. In the meantime it is remarkable to notice that the BBC has in its short history become the only faithful recorder of a king's speeches.

We have seen this twice already in the reign of George the Sixth. It is apparently the case that the King's speech for the Empire Exhibition was supplied to the newspapers beforehand, but not one report that we have seen is true to the actual speech as delivered. In his speech the King departed from his manuscript more than once, but the papers followed the manuscript and not the speech, so that none of their reports agreed with the actual speech heard by all our people in the broadcast news.

This happened also in the King's speech to his people after the Coronation. The King was reported as saying in a notable phrase, "God helping us," but, as the CN pointed out at the time, what he actually said was, "God blessing us."

It will be a pity if we can no longer rely on our newspapers for the faithful record of the spoken word.

The British Lion Looks Out from the
United Kingdom Pavilion at Bellahouston



REMARKABLE EVENT IN OLD SARUM

The Age of Miracles is
Not Dead

A BLIND MAN SEES

A thousand years ago pilgrims flocked to the shrine of Old Sarum on the hill outside Salisbury, to wonder at its miracles.

The Saxon high place, its shrine, its priests, its miracles, have long been buried in the dust of ages; but from the holy ground the memory of them rises still. Not far away a miracle has taken place as wondrous as any that ever hallowed Old Sarum.

The Toymaker

A blind old man has found the sight he had lost for 17 years. He is Alfred Edginton who, though he is nearing 70, still makes toys with clever fingers whose touch has served him instead of eyes, and for his toys he was recently given a special award by the Wiltshire Arts and Crafts Society.

Everyone in Salisbury knows old Mr Edginton and his talent, and one day not long ago the curate of St Martin's (Rev F. J. Colyer) went to see him and they talked about the chancel of the church. The blind man had never seen it, but that night he dreamed that he stood in the chancel and saw it all as Mr Colyer had described it. He saw it in all its detail, and when he woke he felt he must go to the church. The rest of the story is as it is told to us by Canon Willson, Rector of St Martin's.

The Light Above the Altar

The blind man sought his friend Mr Colyer, went with him to the church, and together they knelt down for prayer. They rose, and Mr Edginton drew near the chancel which had been described to him. He was suddenly stunned as by a flash of light. To him it seemed to shine above the altar, and he was so overcome that he had to be assisted to a chair to recover.

For a few minutes he sat trembling, his hands over his eyes. His friend laid hands on his head to calm him, thinking he was in a state of excitement, and then Alfred Edginton found to his bewilderment that he could see!

The chancel stood revealed before him, as he had been told of it, never dreaming that he would see it. But there were other sights to fall upon the eyes to which some miracle had restored the sight lost years before.

For the first time since then he saw his wife. He looks now on the faces of his grandchildren. He can see the toys his fingers made in the dark.

A Gift of God

The Twentieth Century has vouchsafed to Salisbury a miracle that a thousand years ago would have been acclaimed as the gift of God. So we acclaim this miracle now.

We like to think that this miraculous event took place in St Martin's Church, for Mr Edginton would be able to look with his newly-opened eyes upon four beautiful modern windows set in these ancient walls. They are original and charming, with delicate colouring, a gallery of most attractive scenes peopled with figures of great beauty. In the Ride into Egypt, Mary, in a blue robe, is sitting on the donkey. In a scene in the Temple the faces of the Elders are exquisitely drawn, and the serenity of the groups is unusual. In the Nativity scene Mary is kneeling by the side of the Child lying on a bed of straw, a little lamb looking up at Him. In another scene the Madonna is shown as a country maiden receiving the good news.

But of all the good news that has come to this church we wonder if there has been anything happier than the story of the blind man who now sees.

A VILLAGE FOR THE NATION

Noble Gift To the
National Trust

The National Trust is now to own a village as part of an estate which has been offered to it by Mr A. C. Greg of Norcliffe Hall, Styal, on the outskirts of Manchester.

This wonderful gift embraces a long stretch of a valley with fine woodlands and farms, an old cotton mill which has been worked by Mr Greg's family for 150 years, and the village of Styal itself.

It is a noble gift and will preserve on the edge of the capital of the cotton industry a precious bit of the history of that industry. It is hoped that a part of the mill may be used as an industrial museum. It still has its apprentice house.

A Little Balloon's Great Journey

An old Chinaman picked up a toy balloon filled with hydrogen in Singapore the other day and found to his amazement that it had come from Verdun in Canada, having travelled 13,000 miles in 42 days.

It had been released by the chemistry pupils of the Verdun High School. The old man wrote and told the school of his find and the pupils were so pleased that they are sending him a present of £1.

The Drought and the Harvest

There is much anxiety in the countryside owing to the long drought and the continued frosts.

Unless rain has fallen by the time these words are read there must be a poor hay harvest and poor cereal crops. Sheep on the Yorkshire Wolds have been sold for lack of food, and there has been much destruction of fruits and vegetables by frost. One Lincolnshire farmer expects to lose five or six tons of fruit on every acre.

The Pigeon Race

An MP had a race with a flight of pigeons between London and Stroud the other day.

He is Mr Robert Perkins, Stroud's airman MP, and, following a challenge, he set the pigeons free at the House of Commons and then began his own race. He took a taxi to Heston, flew his own plane to his home on the Cotswolds, motored to Stroud, and arrived 29 minutes before the pigeons. But as the birds were allowed a handicap of 30 minutes Mr Perkins lost by one minute!

After 1000 Years

For the first time in a thousand years a king has visited Thorney Island.

Never since the days when Canute sat by the sea rebuking his flattering courtiers at Bosham, just across Chichester Harbour, has a king been to this small place, but last week King George the Sixth called there and the islanders had a public holiday.

100 Camps

The Boy Scouts have obtained possession of 24 acres of camping land on Chalfont Heights in Buckinghamshire, making a total of 5000 acres for over 100 camps in the British Isles.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Atacama	Ab-tah-kah-ma
Chubut	Shoo-boot
Euphrates	U-fray-tees
Orontes	O-ron-tees
Taurus	Taw-rus

A WONDERFUL YEAR OF GIVING

Getting More Than Was
Asked For

TWO GREAT FEATS AT ONCE

One of our churches has had a surprising experience which reveals once more the generous heart of the public. It is an inspiration to read of it in these hard days.

The London Missionary Society, like all religious organisations, has suffered greatly in the last few years from the fall in subscriptions and was faced with the grave issue of closing down some of its work. For years its income had been falling off, there had been a drop of £24,000 in nine years. To meet that drop it had cut down expenditure in all countries, closing 13 missionary posts, and reducing the salaries of all missionaries, native workers, and home staff. But still the income continued to fall. The income from the Home Churches fell from £140,000 a year to £116,000.

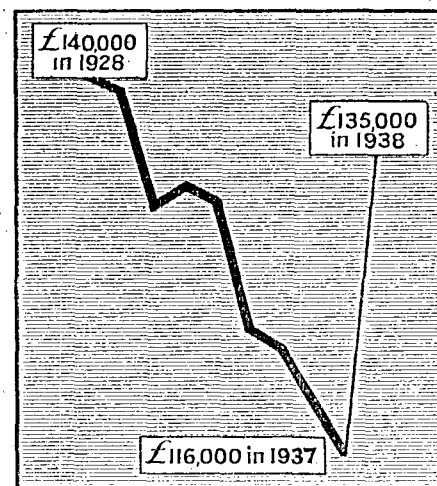
A Mounting Debt

There was another difficulty. While the income was falling a debt was mounting up. Every year it grew greater, until it reached £76,000.

When the Directors met a year ago they were thus in a very serious situation, and they decided on a bold plan. They would try both to raise the income by £15,000 and to wipe out the accumulated debt, and they would try to do both things at the same time.

They went to work in two ways. First they prepared nearly half a million letters saying that they needed £15,000 a year more if they were to pay their way, or else they would have to abandon some big area like Central Africa. These letters were given to people in the Congregational churches of the country and taken to their homes.

A week or so later the replies were called for, and it was found that thousands of people had promised to increase their subscriptions. When the amounts were added up they came to £18,011, or £3000 more than was asked for. The graph now is very different from a year ago. This is how the graph went down and up again; the



thick line shows the fall and the thin line shows the rise.

At the same time the LMS asked a few of their trusted leaders to call on a number of people to secure special gifts to wipe out the debt. Already £71,000 has been given or promised, and by June it is hoped to have the full amount. The LMS will then have raised its income and paid off its debt.

To crown this wonderful year friends of the LMS came together from all parts of the country to a thanksgiving meeting in the Albert Hall. The Hall was crowded and many people could not get in. It has been a year which will long be remembered.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

The younger members of the Young Farmers Club are to try their hand at shearing the sheep in Hyde Park.

As the money for redecorating St Saviour's Church at Brixton Hill was not forthcoming, twenty boys volunteered to do the work themselves in the evenings.

The House of Commons is to have a television set.

It is said that people in an aeroplane can read by the light of a Chicago air beacon 27 miles away.

The first Mohammedan mosque in Tokyo is opened this month.

Every year a crow builds a nest on the weathervane of the high steeple of the South Church at Abernethy, Perthshire, and brings up a family.

Three girls arrived in York the other day having come from Kenilworth on horseback, 140 miles, in 21 hours.

It has taken nearly 50 years to complete the restoration of Barking Parish Church, Essex, and thanksgiving services are to be held in June.

Mr William Groves, of Lymm in Cheshire, who has just passed away at the age of 93, was the oldest urban councillor in England; he had been on Lymm Urban Council 44 years.

A lady has left a legacy of £50,000 to Westminster Cathedral.

The Goldsmiths Company has given £5000 to the Boy Scout Fund.

England has now 153 open-air schools with room for 16,000 children.

It is announced that Sweden has only one case of diphtheria.

The State Publishers of children's books in Moscow are preparing to publish a Children's Encyclopedia in ten volumes.

If the Minister for Transport in New Zealand is allowed to have his way careless motorists will soon be spending their weekends in gaol.

A Game Old Man

Although he is the oldest inhabitant of Stirling, Mr Kenneth McIntosh, 102, was not too old the other day to help Stirling Charities Week, for he kicked-off at a football match between lawyers and ministers on one side and the local police on the other.

THINGS SEEN

Babar, the baby elephant at the Zoo, ringing a bell before receiving titbits.

Three thousand acres of Derbyshire moorland on fire.

A cabbage ten feet high in a garden in Huntingdonshire.

THINGS SAID

I shall never call myself an Eirean.
Mr St John Ervine

Long live Provincialism.

Mr Neville Chamberlain

Modern children can neither write nor do arithmetic Lord Mayor of Norwich

Motorists kill more people in a fortnight than the railways in seven years.
Mr St John Ervine

It is possible to travel for 24 miles from Nottingham without being out of sight of a house for more than a few seconds.
Nottingham Evening Post

There is at the moment a hideous miasma of materialism, Lord Macmillan

The collapse of faith is the gravest symptom of our time. Bishop of Hereford

Our Empire will be one of work under the reign of peace, but peace protected by our weapons.
Signor Mussolini

May 21, 1938

The Children's Newspaper

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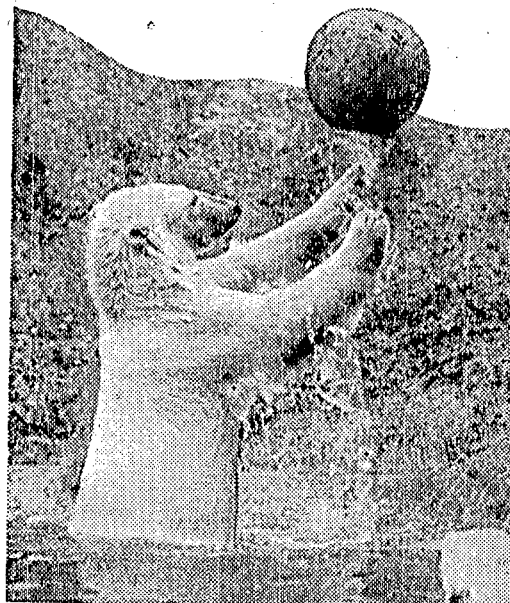
Empire Tower • Coach and Four in London • Playful Bear



The Coaching Season Opens—The proud horses of the coach Magnet, seen here entering Hyde Park, are much admired as the coach makes its journeys between London and Hampton Court



Motor-Boat Goes By Air—A motor-boat required urgently at Antwerp being loaded into a freight plane at Croydon



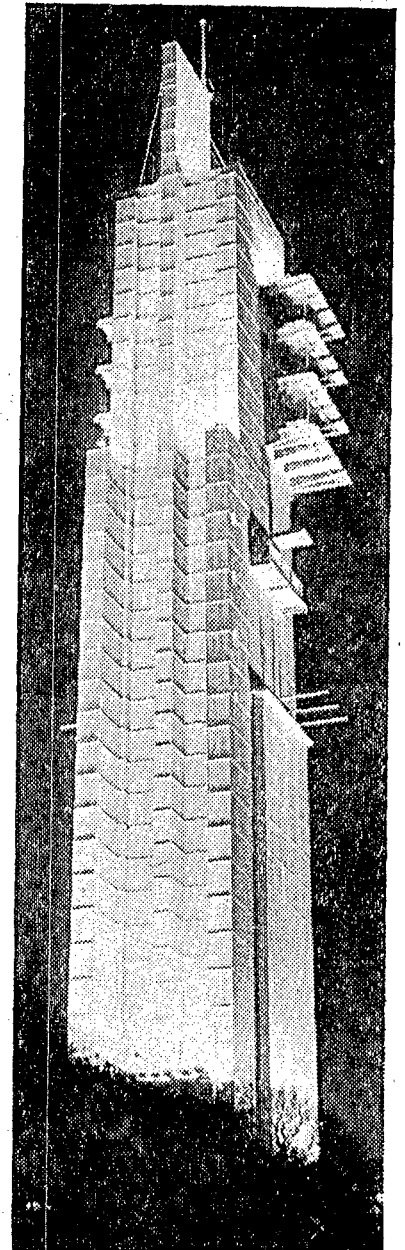
Playful Bear—Pavlova, the new young Polar bear at the London Zoo, enjoying a game with a ball



Keep Off—An amusing scarecrow seen in a field at Chestfield in Kent



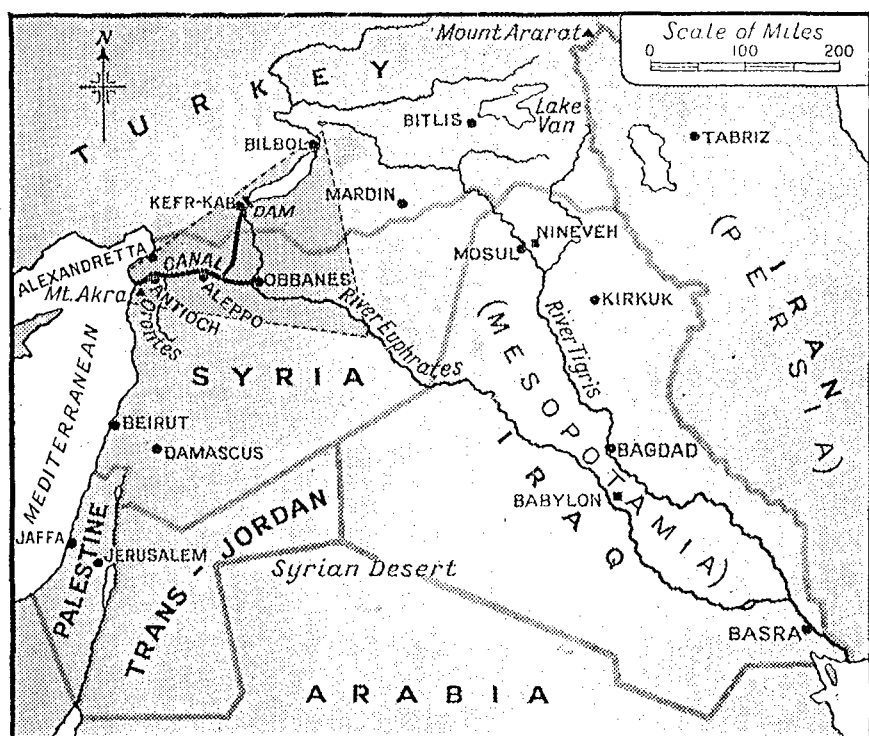
Kent's Little Venice—Natural springs keep this street flooded in the village of Ospringe and only about once in seven years is the road free from water



The Empire Tower—Glasgow's 300-foot steel observation tower floodlighted

A NEW HOME FOR 100 MILLIONS

Vast Scheme Waiting For Peace and Its Victories



This map shows how, by means of the new canal shown on the opposite page, boats could pass from the Mediterranean to Basra and the Persian Gulf without passing through the Suez Canal. The shaded triangular space marks the area in the picture map.

THE airman who flies east and ever east toward India and the lands beyond looks down from the clouds at a countryside which for thousands of years was the cradle and nursery of civilisation. As he speeds from the Nile to the Euphrates he sees below him vast areas which were once the fertile sources of food for multitudes, and are now derelict and forlorn.

As we from an aeroplane over England see traces of encampments of the Stone Age or the Bronze Age men, so from the wide-spanned airways of the Middle East the flying traveller can pick out the derelict irrigation works which alone can explain the grandeur of the ancient empires which come so dramatically into the Bible story.

Syrian and Assyrian, Mede and Chaldee and Persian, their captains and their kings stand out like Satanic hordes in the prose and poetry, the prophecy and the ecstasy, of the immortal Hebrew writers, while the antiquarian of the past hundred years has confirmed by his spade the reality of what was written thousands of years ago.

Desolate are the Fields

The men with the spade have indeed revealed much more than the ancient writings have preserved, for they have brought to light records of prosperous civilisations which in art and commerce and in many branches of knowledge were not inferior to those of the Christian Era.

The glories of Babylon are ancient history; lo, all their pomp of yesterday is one with Nineveh and Tyre. Gone are the nations which vied with Egypt in the days of the Pharaohs, and desolate are the fields from which they won their wealth.

Mesopotamia is the name given by the Greeks to the country of these imperial races, a name meaning between the rivers and so explaining the source of their prosperity, for the Euphrates and the Tigris, with their tributaries, gave a wonderful fertility to the land. Herodotus, the Greek historian, recorded that the soil returned its seed two-

hundredfold, and in the great delta to the south Sir William Willcocks, our famous irrigation engineer, estimated that over ten million acres could be cultivated in this vast region.

Here was the very Garden of Eden, and here for a score of centuries and more stretched farm lands watered from the rivers. Here the immortal Hammurabi decreed his laws (the oldest Code of Laws in the world) over forty centuries ago; here came Alexander to conquer and at last to perish; and here Haroun-al-Raschid ruled over the picturesque land which formed the setting for the famous stories of the Thousand and One Arabian Nights.

The Land of the Rivers

A century or so later came the terrible devastations from which this part of the world is only now beginning to recover. Mongols swept in successive hordes, destroying all that was lovely and fair. The Seljuks, the Tartars, and finally the Ottoman Turks slew the Arab inhabitants, neglected the fertile lands, and left the canals to choke with weeds till the untilled fields were buried by the blown sand of the desert.

And now, after the passing of all these centuries, the question is whether this Land of the Rivers can again be restored to its old fertility and once more support a vast population.

We live in an age of mighty engineering and scientific enterprise, and the answer to this question is that there is little doubt that this can be done, for the great rivers bring down from the mountain ranges of Turkey as much water as ever flowed with them, water which only requires to be controlled by man and prevented from converting the low-lying portions of their basins into malaria-breeding marsh and swamp. Mesopotamia is now Iraq, with a population of less than three millions, though it has twice the area of all England and Wales, while to the north the Euphrates flows through Syria (a French mandated country), in which the population is as sparse as Iraq's.

Millions of people once lived about the Great River (as the Euphrates is called in the Bible) and on the carvings preserved from the royal palaces we see them raising the water from level to level with the crude device of the shadoof that is still employed in Egypt.

Hammurabi's Canal

Here is King Hammurabi's own record of what he did after conquering South Babylonia:

I dug out the canal named Hammurabi-is-the-Blessing-of-his-People, which bringeth abundance of water into the land of Sumer and Akkad. Both the banks thereof I changed to fields for cultivation, and I garnered piles of grain, and procured unailing water for the land for ever.

For ever indeed—but for the Mongols and the Turks!

The Great War swept the Turks from all this country and the great engineers began dreaming dreams. They have planned in earnest to restore the fertility of this wonderful region, and we have been looking into the detailed scheme worked out by Johan Store, a Norwegian engineer, and enthusiastically supported by Mr Albert Hiorth, the pioneer of many other schemes for the restoration of Holy Land and the neighbouring regions. Mr Hiorth is moved by the remarkable prophecies concerning these lands, and believes that the practical engineering schemes drawn up have their inspiration in the Bible.

Mr Store's scheme provides not only for irrigation but for a 140-mile canal from the River Orontes to the Euphrates, enabling big lighters and small steamers to pass from the Mediterranean to the Indian Ocean and so avoid the journey round Arabia by Suez. If there is trouble with the Suez Canal here is the way to avoid it! But of even greater importance is it that this canal would bring Basra nearer to the markets of Europe by more than 3000 miles.

In the Turkish Highlands

Both these schemes would depend on the building of a huge dam in the upper valley of the river before it emerges from the Turkish highlands. The Euphrates is 1700 miles long, over a thousand miles winding through Syria and Iraq in a gradual fall of 1000 feet to sea-level, and gathering only two important tributaries. But in Turkey there are many tributaries, some rising a mile high in the Armenian mountains. They drain an area half as big as Norway, most of it snow-clad and icebound for three months of the year. When the snows melt the Euphrates roars through the south range of the Taurus Mountains, tumbling 1500 feet in about a hundred miles and sweeping through narrow valleys. Mr Store's magnificent idea is to build a dam at Kefr-Kab just before the river turns south, and so hold up the river in the 100-mile valley back to Bilbol.

Such a dam would be several times the size of Assuan Dam, and would have a capacity of many thousand million cubic yards of water and create a lake as big as Nottinghamshire. It is estimated that the water would provide as much as two million horse-power, which would be available for Turkey to distribute in its own territory, and also for Syria and Iraq. The new Mesopotamia would be gradually irrigated and would have the potentiality of becoming the home of over 100 million people. Under the new conditions room could be found for vast numbers of the refugees of Europe, who might here lead prosperous lives growing fruit and farming, literally making the

desert blossom as the rose. Why not a great home for the Jews, who, with the vast resources available for them, might be given this noble work to do for peace?

The great dam, however, could do more than provide electric power and irrigation: it could feed a canal linking the Euphrates with the Mediterranean. This canal is the second part of Mr Store's great plan. It would be cut from Obbanes (the point at which the river is nearest to the Mediterranean) by way of Aleppo to Antioch, where it would enter the Orontes and so reach the Mediterranean, a journey of 140 miles. This canal would have to be carried through somewhat difficult country and be lifted at Aleppo to about 1000 feet above sea-level. At its highest point it would never lack water, as the dam is higher still and could provide a constant supply through a special canal.

Boats in a Lift

The Panama Canal is 40 miles long and reaches a height a little over 80 feet above sea-level, but, whereas Panama's variations in level are met by locks, the Syrian canal with its smaller dimensions could be provided with a remarkable system of lifts, similar to those of the Hohenzollern Canal at its junction with the River Oder in Germany. There 1000-ton barges and steamers over 130 feet long are lifted up in a huge trough of water (weighing 4200 tons) to a height of 116 feet, and it is all done in five minutes, about ten times as fast as in our locks and with little consumption of power. This German plant can transport five million tons a year at a cost of a penny a ton for some materials.

Power for working a similar series of lifts on the Syrian Canal would be cheaply obtained from the dam, and for the construction of the canal itself labour would be very cheap. The cost of the canal is estimated at £50,000,000, but considering the new wealth created by the dam it would be abundantly worth while.

Turkey and Iraq would benefit enormously, and Antioch, the city which has known a population of 500,000, the city where the followers of Christ were first called Christians, would once again become a thriving seaport. The Holy Land, to the south, would benefit from the prosperity of its neighbours. Indeed that country, torn though it is with strife at the moment, has shown what wealth modern industry can bring to a country freed from an oppressor; and there are vast possibilities in the Dead Sea minerals, which, as Mr Hiorth points out, would enable many great schemes for the good of all to be carried out in this old centre of the world.

The Garden of the World

Egypt is already looking ahead, planning for new dams to provide electricity and irrigation for her people, who have doubled in numbers since the British took the country in hand, and are still growing rapidly. In spite of the lack of rain, Egypt and Iraq have illimitable resources in their rivers if only peace can reign in their territories, enabling the people to till the soil and tend the waterways which make the soil fertile. The vast alluvial plains of Mesopotamia were once the garden of the world; the day will surely come when they will become a garden once again, contributing to the food supply not only of a flourishing community of their own, but through this new canal to the industrial countries of Europe as well.

SCOUT VC

That was a touching scene in a ward of the Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital in Great Portland Street, when Ralph Green, a Sea Scout of 12, was awarded the Cornwell Badge.

Members of the Lymington troop stood round the bed while Ralph's Scoutmaster, District Commissioner for the New Forest, presented the patient with a scroll from the Chief Scout. Ralph has earned this honour by his splendid courage during seven operations for a diseased bone, and he is one of only two Hampshire scouts to receive this award, always regarded as the Scout VC.

THE BOTTLE ON THE BEACH

A bottle containing a message has taken 16 months to travel across the Atlantic Ocean from the West Indies to Ireland.

Mr Felix M'Kinlay found the bottle on the beach at Glenarm. He noticed that it was corked and sealed. The message stated that on December 17, 1936, the bottle had been thrown overboard in the waters of the West Indies. The finder was asked to send it to the U S Navy Department at Washington, and so assist work which was being done in observing the movements of ocean currents, with the aim of helping mariners.

A BELL FOR EVERY CHILD

The bells of the village ring out every time a child is born at Rehren in the Rhineland.

A new schoolhouse, equipped with a peal of bells, has been completed, and the novel use to which they are to be put has been recorded in the parish archives.

The record states that Germany will never go under and will remain always young so long as many children are born to her. The bells will ring for ten minutes for each child.

Bob Bartlett's Latest Story

CAPTAIN BOB BARTLETT, who was with Peary on his last dash to the North Pole (and was most unkindly left behind by Peary in the hour of triumph), has a striking little story to tell of his own latest venture in the Arctic.

He is still working there for the Smithsonian Institution and last summer was in search of baby walrus for the Chicago Zoo. He went on to the Peary Monument at Cape York and was extremely fortunate, he says, in finding Melville Bay free of ice. At first Bartlett intended to stop at a

village near the monument, but decided at the last moment to take his ship Morrissey on to the Cape. As they neared it a nasty squall of wind struck them; and at that moment he saw four Eskimos on a piece of ice with their four kayaks and a dead walrus. The sea was breaking over the ice and it would soon have gone to pieces.

"We got them off in the nick of time," says Bob Bartlett, "and it was fortunate for them that I had changed my mind." We should call it the hand of Providence.

THE CHINESE JOAN

Lien-Chen-Yin, a young Chinese woman, has appeared at the head of a troop of 600 other young women.

An army of 90,000 soldiers follows this little troop, and they are conducting an effective guerilla warfare against the Japanese communications.

We are told that a wave of superstitious fear of the modern Joan of Arc is affecting the morale of the Japanese.

THE FRIENDLY HAWK

A Ranger on Table Mountain captured and tamed a hawk the other day.

He is Ranger de Villiers, and one day he noticed an audacious hawk carrying off a chicken. The offence was repeated and the Ranger decided to act.

One morning he lay in wait for his unwelcome visitor, and, slightly wounding him with a gunshot, captured and put him into a spacious cage. Every day he would feed his captive on raw meat, and as his wounded wing healed so the bird grew more friendly, and would even come when called.

ST BERNARDS FOR TIBET

On board a ship en route for India are several St Bernard dogs in the care of Brother Cyril.

They are all on their way to Tibet, where they will make their home at the Augustinian Monastery, which is at a height of 16,000 feet on the top of the Latsa Pass in the Himalayas. There the dogs will help the monks to save lost travellers.

It is a long, long journey they are making, especially for Brother Cyril, who has never left France before.

EGGING THEM ON

Young Americans are well known for their courage and resourcefulness in working their way through college when they cannot afford to go there otherwise.

We read of a Smith family at a university in Indiana who have thought of a unique way of paying their college fees. The three members who are there now have taken with them 400 White Leghorn pullets, which they look after, selling their eggs to make their fees.

REPAIR BY RADIO

There was an anxious moment for two pilots of the Western Air Express a few weeks ago, when they found their landing gear jammed.

They were flying over Salt Lake City, and did not know what to do. When they sent a radio message to the Los Angeles airport they were advised to make a crash landing, ambulances being run to the spot in readiness for an emergency, but the pilots had a plan worth two of that.

They got in touch with the Lockheed factory, instructions were wireless to them, and one of the pilots was able to follow the instructions so successfully that he mended a broken pin with wire and the plane landed without mishap.

THE CAT AND THE CROW

The Scottish crows in the tree-tops in a garden at Wick were continually quarrelling, but one day lately they forgot their disputes and showed a surprising unity.

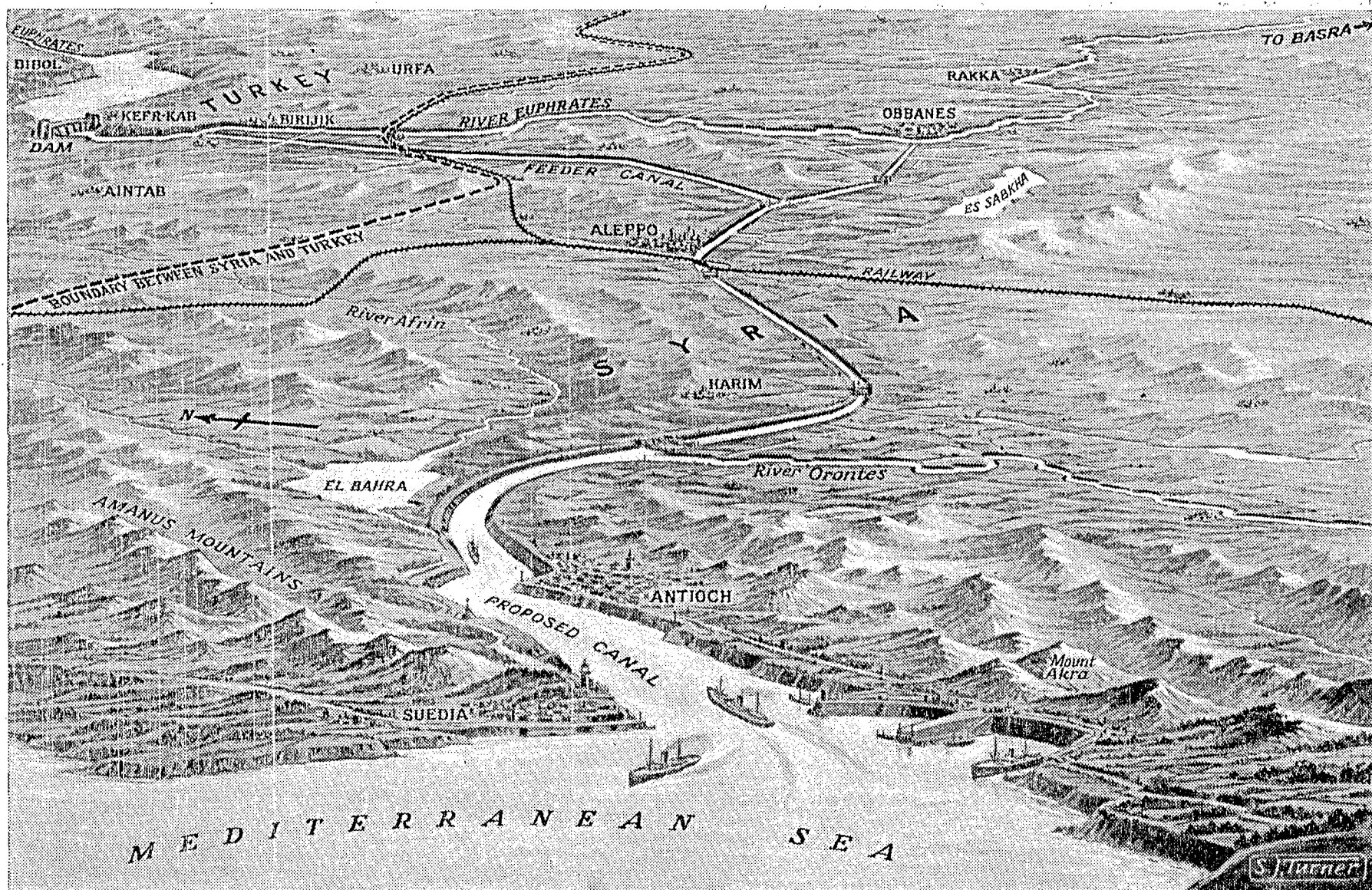
A black cat had caught one of the crows, and the victim made loud protests, so that at once there was a chorus of indignant squawking from the trees. Then in mass formation a flock of crows swooped to the ground.

The cat was stealing off with its prey, but the crows formed a noisy circle round it and it could not pass. They were so menacing that the cat dropped the crow, which flew off, safe.

Last Month's Weather

LONDON	RAINFALL
Sunshine . . . 150 hrs.	Aberdeen . . . 78 in.
Rainfall . . . 11 in.	Gorleston . . . 78 in.
Dry days . . . 26	Lynpne . . . 51 in.
Days with rain . . . 4	Tynemouth . . . 23 in.
Warmest day . . . 1st	Chester . . . 19 in.
Wettest day . . . 2nd	Birm'ham . . . 11 in.
Coldest days 9th, 18th	Falmouth . . . 03 in.

The Dream That Would Make the Desert Blossom as the Rose



We are looking here on an artist's conception of an area of the Near East almost as big as Scotland. On the page facing this is the story of an engineer's dream of what could be done with it—a canal 140 miles long from the Mediterranean, a dam holding up the waters of the Euphrates, and deserts transformed into fertile lands capable of supporting a hundred million people.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MAY 21

1938



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



What Would Jesus Do?

THE CN has much reason to know how perplexed good people are by the terrible things that are happening in the world. It has letters from those who would fight to right all wrongs, from those who would never fight at all, and from those who appear to rebuke us because we are only human and cannot save the world from its confusion.

No newspaper has said more often that it believes the solution of the world's troubles to be as old as Galilee. We have only to love one another. Every hour and every day we believe that.

But we do not apologise because we are driven to discuss the things that are on every tongue, nor do we conceive it to be our duty to ignore the peril in which Civilisation stands. We do not accept the rebuke for misquoting the words of Jesus that "when a strong man armed keepeth his palace his goods are at peace" because Our Lord went on to say that when a stronger man comes he taketh them away. It is true that when the strong man armed keepeth his palace his goods are at peace, and we do not believe Christianity demands that we should leave the palace door unlocked for any thieves to enter in.

We do not believe that the Master would be willing that this country and all that it stands for should surrender to whatever powers would destroy it. We do not believe that He who said it were better that a millstone should be hung about our necks than that we should offend these little ones, would be willing to leave His little ones to the mercy of a brigand's bomb. We are not to be regarded as believing that a man's strength is in locks and bolts rather than in His spirit merely because we lock the gate against an enemy.

It is not to be thought of that a quiet word will turn the wolf away.

We believe that the Master would have us defend His kingdom, that He would have us save His little ones from suffering and death, that He would have His kingdom made so strong that no stronger power could come against it, a sure stronghold for all who trust in Him. He who whipped the moneychangers from the Temple would not have us stand idly by and leave ourselves unguarded while Evil grows more powerful every hour.

We believe that Peace and Justice will prevail and that Love will conquer all, but that it is cowardice or folly that refuses to be strong.

A. M.

A Macaulay Vision Come True

A HUNDRED years ago Lord Macaulay made a guess about the state of Great Britain in 1930.

He said that in these very years we have lived to see his country would have a population of fifty millions who would be better fed, clad, and housed than the wealthier people of his time; that the cultivation of the land would be carried to the hill-tops; that machines constructed on principles then undiscovered would be in every home; and that travel would become a commonplace luxury instead of a danger and a burden.

Every word of which is true.

Sitting on 20 Counties

IT would be interesting to know how many hobbies are given in that gallery of great and little men, Who's Who; but one we have come upon which can hardly be there.

It is a fancy of one of our famous public men, and must surely be unique, for who else would stop his car to gather thistledown? With the thistledown he makes a cushion, and when he sits on it he sits on 20 counties.

Stuff and Twaddle

NOR long ago it was the Lord Chief Justice who expressed himself plainly concerning an article by one of our modern astrologers.

The question (said Lord Hewart) was not whether the article was a collection of imbecile and repulsive twaddle; if that had been the question there could be only one answer.

Now it is the turn of Sir Frank Dyson, until lately our Astronomer Royal, to say what he thinks of the modern nonsense about the stars:

When horoscopes are cast to extract money from the simple it is more than a joke. How can anybody in his senses take this sort of stuff seriously?

We are delighted to have such distinguished witnesses on the side of commonsense and the CN.

The Childish Minds of Our People

THE postmasters are pointing out that the football pool craze has added intolerably to their work.

Some offices have to issue 5000 to 10,000 postal orders every week, and in some cases the rush for orders compels the offices to engage extra staff.

It is not a little surprising that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is content to regard the pools merely as a source of income to the Government through commission on postal orders and income tax on a few big incomes made by the promoters.

What with horse-racing, dog-racing, and football pools the minds of our people are being reduced to worse than childishness—except that the CN must apologise for putting it in this way, for children would never be so stupid as the pool public is.

The Thousandth Man

ONE man in a thousand, Solomon says, Will stick more close than a brother. And it's worth while seeking him half your days If you find him before the other. Nine hundred and ninety-nine depend On what the world sees in you, But the Thousandth Man will stand your friend With the whole round world agin you.

Rudyard Kipling

The Dream

By Peter Puck

THERE was once a Member of Parliament who dreamed that he was making a speech on the floor of the House, and when he awoke he was.

THE BROADCASTER

NEARLY 30,000 acres of the South Downs are now preserved for ever.

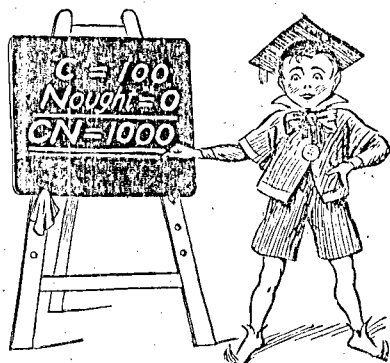
THE Isle of Man has not had a foot-and-mouth disease case for 55 years.

THE number of pedestrians killed in 1937 was the lowest for ten years.

JUST AN IDEA

If you have anything to do which you would rather not do, the sooner it is done the better.

Under the Editor's Table



Peter Puck adds his tribute

ROAD patrols always manage to be courteous. And they will show you the way.

MANY people run down the Royal Academy. More run into it.

PETER PUCK says he will have a thousand and one things to think of next week.

A LADY artist says her sister sits for her. Most people's sisters sit on them.

A MAN says he does not get excited about things that happen a long way off. They can't be brought home to him.

A SCHOOLBOY has been boasting he is better far than his schoolmates. They think the farther the better.

A WRITER thinks that railways should be run on entirely new lines. We don't mind so long as they go to the same places.

The Song of Youth

THERE are those who ever grumble,
And the old who ever say.
Life is now less high and spacious
Than they knew it yesterday.
But the truth is we are living
In the grandest days of all;
Nobler days and far more thrilling
Than the days they can recall.

Life is larger, swifter, finer
Than it ever was of yore;
We are healthier, stronger, wiser
Than men ever were before.
Millions once but toiled and sweated,
Barely sipping at life's cup,
We, the heirs of all the ages,
Take the wine and drink it up.

From the slums there comes an army
Marching to the Promised Land;
To the poorest and the oldest,
See, we stretch the helping hand.
Youth today accepts the challenge

Of the shining mountain peak;
We are climbing, we are striving,
Tis the highest that we seek!

Drakes and Raleighs of the sky-ways,
These of whom today we read
Will be numbered with Immortals:
Heroes of the Age of Speed.
We are fighting superstition,
We are conquering disease;
Depths of space and heights of climbing,
Pioneers we are in these.

We have sent old idols crashing,
But there is our souls within—
Something stirring, something waking,
Something longing to begin
Building up a world undreamed of
By the grumblers of our day:
Youth's new kingdom standing firmly
On the dust of yesterday. H.L.G.

The World in 1000 Years

A thousand journeys round the Sun!
What profit when their course is run?
Will men be taller, women fairer,
Work a joy, and trouble rarer?
Will young and old ascend the sky,
And never walk when they can fly?
Will those who travel, while they roam
Be wirelessed to the sights of home,
See before them as they pass
The face of love in a magic glass?
Will Peace make fair the ways of Earth
And set men free to conquer dearth?
Will Beauty love with men to dwell
Because they learn to treat her well?
Will life be bright, and all its hours
Be gay with music, bright with flowers?
Will space be bridged, and flying cars
Tempt folk to spend week-ends in Mars?
Will men of strange and fearful pattern
Invade our sphere from ringed Saturn?
What'er our hopes, what'er our fears,
Old Earth must change in a thousand years.
O Time! whose instant is an age,
Write what thou wilt on our Earth's page.
But leave men love, and leave them tears
To cleanse their hearts in the changing years!

May 21, 1938

The Children's Newspaper

7

EXTRAORDINARY POSITION IN USA

Income Falls By
Thousands of Millions

NEW POLITICAL PARTY APPEARS

American history is being very rapidly made.

Two trade slumps within nine years and as many people (12 millions) out of work as in the bad days of 1931 have stirred public opinion and caused wide discussion.

President Roosevelt manfully tackles the problem, but is accused of attacking business. The need to succour millions by relief work and charity has caused an enormous addition to the American National Debt, which now stands at £8200,000,000, whereas in 1930 it was £3400,000,000. These figures are difficult to grasp.

Enormous Deficits

For eight years the American expenditure has been greater than the income; in the years 1931 to 1938 the deficits have amounted to £4700,000,000.

In the present financial year another big deficit will arise, for the States cannot meet unemployment benefit without much more help from the Federal Treasury. Mr Ford and other business men denounce spending borrowed money on relief, but do not say what would happen if the needy millions were left to starve.

In a special message to Congress the President has again attacked monopoly powers and says that a concentration of private powers without equal in history is growing up in the United States. He says that these private powers (the powers of the very rich) amount to a dictatorship, and that private dictators are the main opponents of the New Deal. The Message proposes a long list of measures to strengthen control of monopolistic powers.

It is not, says Mr Roosevelt, a matter of bad men misusing power, but of a bad system which must be altered. His desire is to curb the trusts and monopolies.

A Theory of Abundance

A new political party has been formed by the Governor of Wisconsin, Mr La Follette, but it is by no means clear what it proposes to do. It is called the National Progressive Party, and Mr La Follette declares that it is to be neither Socialist, Fascist, nor Communist, but that it aims at enabling every American citizen to help himself to a share of the abounding natural wealth of America, and that this is to be accomplished with the aid of State control of money and credit. This is expressed in a phrase: "a theory of abundance."

All American parties, old and new, are confronted with the serious fact that the American people's incomes have fallen by £2400,000,000 in six months, and that a further three million people have been thrown idle in that time.

The Celluloid Danger on the Bicycle

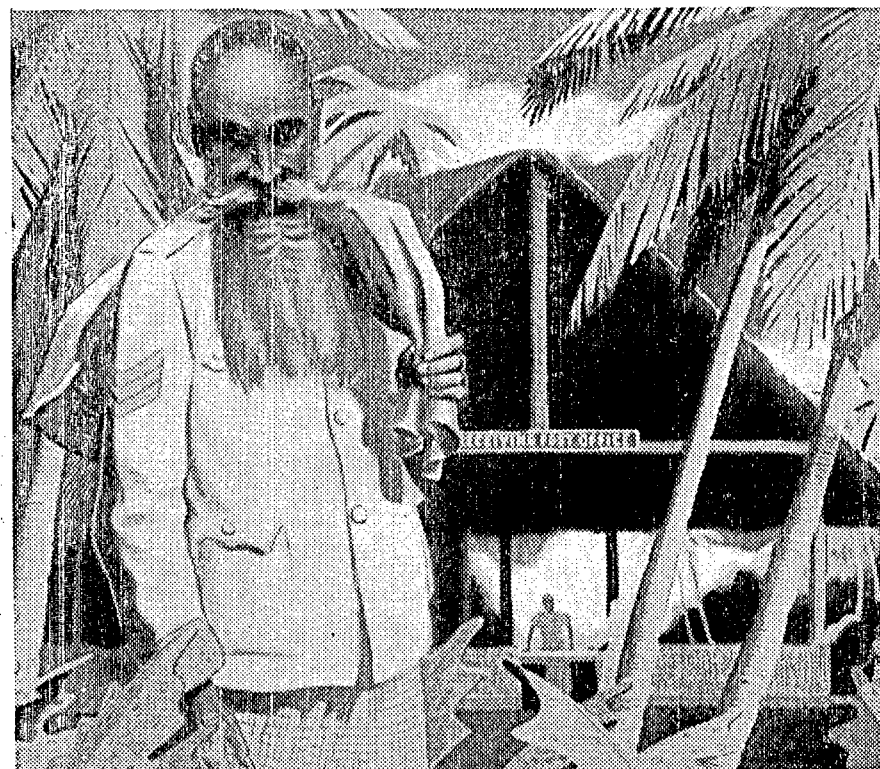
As a cyclist was on his way to work the other morning along the Hyde-to-Stockport road ash from a cigarette fell on to his front mudguard, which burst into flame, being made of celluloid.

We hear also of a party of cyclists who were cycling herabouts some weeks ago when the rear mudguard of one of the cyclists became loose and fell on the wheel. The friction ignited the celluloid mudguard and it flared up, causing the cyclist to fall off and strain his arm.

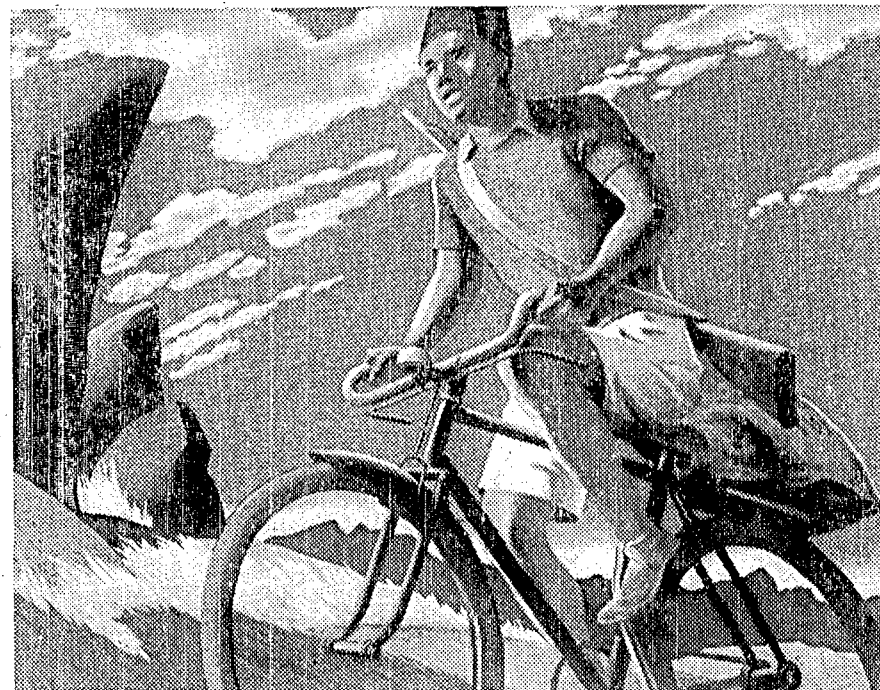
How the Empire Gets Its Letters



An island postman on his rounds near St Phillips in Barbados



A postman of Ceylon and a receiving office where people call to post or collect letters



A cyclist postman in Southern Rhodesia

Three of the attractive new designs which the Post Office is issuing to schools as posters. The series shows how the mails go in various Outposts of Empire

THE LIFE OF 1000 CENTURIES

Opening-up Benjamin
Harrison's Hilltop

Our antiquarians, having explored Maiden Castle; with such wonderful results, are looking for another ancient town to study, and they hope to find an ideal one on Oldbury Hill, the happy hunting-ground of old Benjamin Harrison at Ightham in Kent.

Plans are being made and a fund is being raised to excavate this hilltop, the most promising site of its kind in south-eastern England. The wooded promontory on which Oldbury lies is one of the beauty spots of Kent, and is already famous for the rock-shelters under its cliffs, where Benjamin Harrison picked up stones for half a century and found many implements used by the Old Stone Age men who inhabited them. It was Mr Harrison who found on the plateau herabouts the coliths, those very much older tools of the earliest men known to have lived in our land.

The beetling crag above the rock-shelters forms Nature's own defence of the camp above. The remainder of the summit (which covers 123 acres) is defended by earthworks which follow the natural contour of the hill for over two miles, and are strengthened in places by stones prised out of the surface. A deep prehistoric trackway leads to the camp, which is reached by steps cut in the solid rock under an aisle of fir trees. The walks here and the lovely scenery are a miniature Highland glen.

An Iron Age Camp

Oldbury was fashioned into a camp in the Iron Age by the Brythons, who chose the site for its strength and for the fact that in the middle of it is a spring giving rise to a stream flowing north. The inhabitants would have pastured their cattle in Styants Bottom, low-lying ground outside the ramparts.

Fragments of querns used for grinding corn have been found on the hill, and Mr Harrison found on the surface balls of flint which may have been used to crush the grain. He also found flint scrapers and other tools. A bronze spear-head and some pottery were found on the northern slope, and, most interesting of all, three gold British coins were found with the distorted horse and chariot pattern characteristic of the coins of Gaul.

It may be that Oldbury was the stronghold of one of the princes of Kent who attacked the maritime camp Julius Caesar prepared for the protection of his fleet when he made his second invasion.

The Cup of Gold

There is other evidence which shows that in the early Iron Age North Kent was a rich and populous region in close contact with the Continent. Both for its size and for its position near the prehistoric highways of the North Downs and the Thames Valley, Oldbury was an important British town, and excavation should reveal many interesting facts of Kent's early story which are only guessed at today.

The C N hopes, therefore, that the £500 needed by the Kent Archaeological Society will be forthcoming so that the work can be started in September. It will be carried out by Mr J. B. Ward Perkins of the London Museum, and we rejoice to see that Sir Edward Harrison is treasurer of the fund, for he is a native of Ightham and lives there still, living where his father did, in a house refashioned from the old grocer's shop, now bearing the good name of Old Stones.

Old Benjamin Harrison loved this paper, and we may hope that many of our readers will send a mite to carry on his work. Nothing will delight us more than to hear in the autumn that, in true Bible tradition, a cup of gold with £500 in it has been found in the son-of-Benjamin's sack.

FRANCE AND HER FRANC

A Lesson of the War

M. Daladier, the French Prime Minister, has devalued the franc at 179 to the pound, and thus ended the confusion and anxiety which the fluctuation in its value has been causing in recent months.

French finance indeed has never been on firm ground since the war, the belief that reparations paid by Germany would cure all financial troubles being widespread in France for years. The thousands of millions in reparations did not materialise, and the franc was speedily going the way of the mark when M. Poincaré fixed the rate at 124. France was very slow to realise that war destroys the prosperity of the conqueror as well as of the vanquished, but she has now learned the lesson.

With a Government determined to keep the exchange rate steady, even at a lower figure, confidence will return to French investors, who will be able to bring back their capital from London; where it is not wanted, and use it to finance internal loans for defence.

The French Government made their decision after obtaining the support and goodwill of the British and American Governments.

M. Daladier appealed to his countrymen to show courage and not allow themselves to drift on to the rocks. The law of democracy is the law of effort, he declared, in a phrase which should sink into the minds of other nations as well as the French.

The Bible is Right

A Stamford schoolmaster, having promised good marks for pupils who pointed out to him mistakes in books and papers, has written to the papers about it, and we have been sorry to see the papers caught napping.

To his great surprise, says our schoolmaster, one of his boys found an error in Psalm 124, where occur the words:

If it had not been the Lord who was on our side when men rose up against us then they had swallowed us up quick.

The schoolmaster and the pupils agreed that the word should be quickly, but both are wrong and the Bible is right. If they will dip further into the Bible they will find other examples of quick used in the same sense, meaning not *swiftly*, but *alive*. That is the old sense of this word.

The Bible tells us of those who go down quick into the pit; of those who shall judge both the quick and the dead. The sentence from the Psalms means that the enemies of Israel would have eaten them, not as a hurried meal, but alive, and is itself a metaphor implying that the chosen people would have been destroyed had not God protected them.

There are grammatical errors in the Bible; but the old translators knew what the Bible means by quick, and so do we. In Lancashire the word still describes the living, but its pronunciation has degenerated strangely into *wick*. "Aren't you glad you're *wick*?" they say in times of great happiness.

Is Lord Nuffield Trembling?

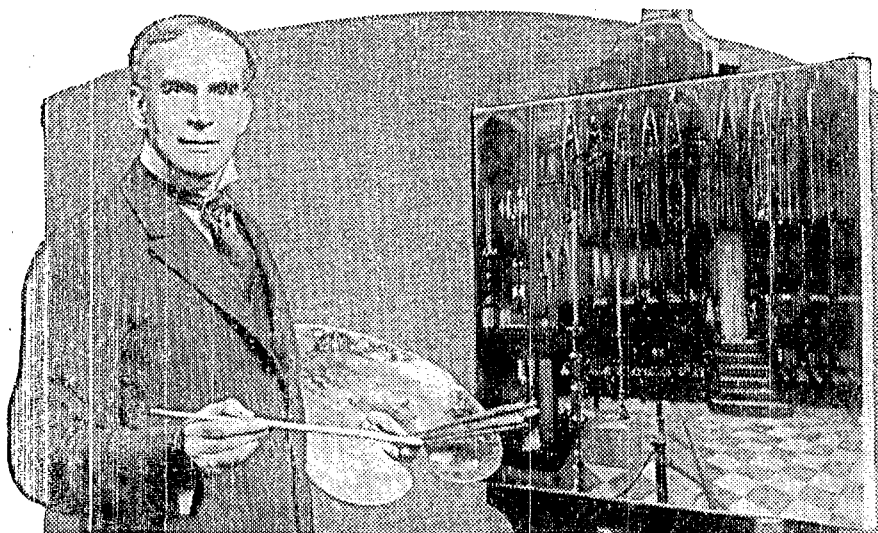
The other day two pennants fluttered out from the foremast of the *Discovery* in the Thames.

One of them bore the name of the Northumberland Scouts, indicating that they had raised the first £500 for the Boy Scout Fund launched by the Duke of Kent.

The other pennant signified that the Birmingham Boy Scouts had succeeded in raising £1000 in a few days on behalf of this great effort.

Lord Nuffield must begin to tremble. His £50,000 (promised if the Scouts get £500,000) is not very safe for him.

Frank Salisbury in His World of Colour



As he was painting his great Coronation Picture Mr Frank O. Salisbury stepped back to look at it, and a friend said to him "We are looking at something men will be looking at in 500 years."

It is a wondrous thought, and it comes to mind whenever we look at Mr Salisbury's pictures of our ceremonial splendour. He is the artist of our pageantry, not to be surpassed in his genius for carrying down to the future the spectacle of a nation in its hours of sorrow and its hours of triumph.

Master of Pageantry

It was well said by the Art Critic of the *Daily Telegraph* that the effect of the Coronation Picture follows us through the entire vista of the rooms of the Academy. We do not wonder that there is always a group in front of it, for it is not only a masterpiece of art, not only one of the noblest of the hundreds of Mr Salisbury's pictures: it is one of the poignant pictures of our generation. We are the last of all the nations that can stage a scene like this, and who knows how long it will be so? The Dictator may marshal his human mass productions, but nowhere do free people come together in such a joyous spirit as at our jubilees and coronations. Nowhere is Freedom so triumphant.

It is something that we have, in what may be the last great age of chivalry and pageantry, a master artist who can hand it down with something of the splendour that has filled his mind since he first went to Italy with his box of paints. It was 50 years ago, but Mr Salisbury has never lost the sense of wonder that came to him in Florence and Venice and Rome.

On London's Height

His famous Coronation Picture was painted at the highest point of London, at the house Mr Salisbury built on the last primeval bit of Hampstead Heath, which Mrs Salisbury has made for him into a home of infinite delight. Long ago they had a window from which they looked out on a scene hardly to be surpassed in England, reaching from the towers of Westminster down the Thames to where the great ships lie at Tilbury, and in the midst of it the Dome of St Paul's floating in space, seeming to realise Michael Angelo's dream of seeing another dome:

I will build such a thing in the sky.

Mr Salisbury has set his studio as near the sky as London will allow, and in it he has built himself a whole group of monuments. If we were to count all the things he has done we should have to count hundreds of pictures (perhaps with thousands of people in them), and we should be impressed with the extraordinary power which shows itself in a great gallery of portraits of people of our time, and in

such visions of the Prophets as the marvellous Isaiah with the vision of the Lord still in his eyes, or the dramatic Elijah challenging Baal. He has made Mussolini look like what he is, and has given us Mr Roosevelt looking as we all think of him, with one fist clenched and his lips pressed, and a touch of pathetic anxiety across his face.

These, and a hundred other famous people of our time, have been glad to sit for Frank Salisbury. Who would not love his Monicas and his Sylvias (the portraits of his twin daughters), his wonderful Bishop Brindle, and the child tripping through the Meadows of Enchantment like the Greek goddess who ran over the fields without bending down the grass? The lovely three Sen Sisters are as charming a circle of beauty as could be imagined, and Field Mice is a picture that touched a father's heart and was not to be resisted.

Peace, War, and History

His world of colour and events is too vast in its scope for a few words to cover it, and we must pass in a moment from his portraits to his pageants. He loves peace because it is in his heart, but he has touched with infinite pathos his pictures of the war. His picture of Jack Cornwell reminds us of Sergeant Jagger's monument at Hyde Park Corner in its relation of the human spirit to the vast inanimate forces of the Age of Steel; we cannot look on the proud, defiant face of this immortal boy, standing there alone with all the poignant terror of the war about him, without wondering that the human spirit does not break in these days. Down the ages our artist has gone with his brush, choosing for his canvases with a sure eye the scenes that move the hearts of men—King Edward following his Queen through our English villages to Westminster, Queen Philippa pleading for the Burghers of Calais, Catherine on her knees before her brutal lord.

Artist of the Empire

But it is as the Artist of the Empire that we like to think of Mr Salisbury. The artist who sets out to paint great pageants challenges the world, and especially his critics; he is accused of painting uniforms and conventions. Mr Salisbury meets the challenge unafraid, and we may look on his picture of the Burial of the Unknown Warrior (a picture of the grief of a nation) and at his picture of King George's Jubilee (a picture of a nation's joy) to see that he paints no empty scene, but Life in its significance, Life bowed down or Life raised up in splendour.

His are no pictures of the fashions of the hour or the passing fancies of our time: he loves our noble places and our great occasions, but he knows that a spirit lives in them. He paints the Mayflower Barn and the ancient roof of

ANCIENT BRITAIN CALLING

Oldest Tongue Broadcast

All who will may hear sounding through our English air the speech their forefathers spoke, but not one in ten thousand understands a word of it.

From time to time the B B C is giving us broadcasts from the Clachan, the Highland Village at the Empire Exhibition, and every syllable of it is Gaelic, as foreign to us as Arabic. Here is one of the romances of history, a language that has survived the changes of more than 2000 years, and seen us translated from the Bronze Age to the Electric Age.

If we cannot understand the Highlanders, there are over 7000 Highlanders who cannot understand us, for that is the number of Highlanders to whom English is a mysterious tongue.

Brought Here by the Celts

Gaelic is the language spoken by the Celtic population of the middle of Europe in the time of the great movements of peoples which brought the Celts to Britain to overcome the little Iberians. Gaelic was nearer akin to Greek and Latin than to English, German, and Norse, but on arrival here it split into two groups.

One group spoke the Gaelic of Scotland, or Manx, or Irish; the other gave us the language that survived in Welsh, Cornish, and the still current speech of Brittany. The difference between the Gaelic of Scotland and of Ireland arose from the coming of the Vikings, whose conquest divided the people of the two countries and so led to a development of the same language on different lines. The Highlanders and the Welsh have kept their speech pure, practically as it was before the Caesars.

We need not feel ashamed at our ignorance of it. The majority of Lowland Scots know as little of it as we do.

Continued from the previous column

Westminster Hall as if they were speaking to us. He knows that in looking out on our transient scenes he is in the presence of something that abides, something eternal within us and about us. He knows that he is not alone, but that when he paints the King and Queen giving thanks for their Jubilee, with the Heart of the Empire gathered about them, and the sunlight falling across Wren's arches in St Paul's, something comes into the scene which is neither brick and stone nor flesh and blood.

We like to think of the story he tells us of his picture of the procession through the great west door, a wonderful gathering slowly moving into the cathedral, with Princess Margaret Rose the youngest and most delightful figure there, and with something majestic which moved Mr Salisbury to call his picture *O Enter Then His Gates With Praise*. "I like that very much—that is very beautiful," said George the Fifth, and so the title stands because he liked it. So, we remember, he liked "Jerusalem," asking for it at the Albert Hall, and saying that if they did not play it he would go downstairs and whistle it to himself. That was our good King George; and it is not the least of Mr Salisbury's services to the Empire that he has given us our King as he was, with us in our joys and in our griefs, the King who shared our pride but never lost his deep simplicity.

It may be thought that Mr Salisbury's work was done with these great pageants of King George's Jubilee, but his buoyant spirit does not rest, and he begins again with our new King George, who was never more solemnly presented to his people than in this Coronation Picture, sitting enthroned with his nobles about him, the Archbishop raising his hand in blessing. It is the crowning picture of our people in their triumphant hour, setting out for another journey through another thousand years.

THE EDITOR'S JUDGMENT DAY

To every man comes Judgment Day. In the 1000th week of the C N the Editor was summoned to answer for the things he had done, and this is Arthur Mee's Apology to the Power

This is the talk that took place on this C N Judgment Day between the Editor and the Power that controls his life.

Power Within Him. What have you been doing in the world, Arthur Mee? What of these thousand weeks?

A. M. You wake me from the dream of life, and, alas, it is a striving and a striving and an ending in what you see. In a hard, hard world I have tried to do my best. A man can do so little in a world so vast, with such a multitude of forces and emotions. What is a man against them all?

Power. But did I not give you great power? You are not alone. In the great drama of the world no actor is alone. Did not your Shakespeare tell you long ago that there is a destiny that shapes your end? Did not your Wordsworth tell you that trailing clouds of glory do you come, from God? This inspiration that you speak of, this power that seeks to work through you, what have you done with it?

Sowing the Seed

A. M. You aim so high, you on your exalted throne, and man can reach so low. Everywhere he fights against a thousand things—himself, the atmosphere about him, his anxiety and uncertainty and all the loyalties he owes, for ever fighting one another.

Power. I told you to be true. I sent you out into the world to tell the truth to every child. You were to plant within them the seed that should blossom into peace and understanding, into the joy of life, the delight of knowledge, the love of beauty. You were to give them chivalry and good courage, the hope that nothing can vanquish and the faith that nothing can break. I told you to remember the words of Paul:

Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report—if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

Have you thought on these things?

The Grip of Circumstance

A. M. I have tried. You who dwell in so great a calm, in the high regions of serenity where nothing evil comes, have you thought how difficult it is for those you send down here, where calm and peace come only in our sleep, and living is a ceaseless strife? This world is too much with us. When we would sit and think there is about us the turmoil of the marketplace.

Everywhere a man is in the grip of Circumstance and cannot do the things he will. It is hard enough for a man to be sure of himself, but harder to be sure of others; and as no man fights alone, without the everlasting power within him, so no man is alone in the conflicting interests about him. He has a hundred duties to fulfil and many masters to obey. He is surrounded

with restrictions and regulations and the limits of mechanical things, and nothing is altogether simple.

In your serene world a dream is naturally fulfilled; you dream it and see it coming true; but in this hard world we fight against those who do not share it, and when at last we win a small success there are the limits of the marketplace, of buying and selling, and every dream that is bought and sold loses much. All things must pay or all things perish. It is the law of the world we have made. When there are not enough people to believe in us,

within him for the successes and failures, the dreamings and awakenings, the shortcomings and the realisations of the paper that has touched a multitude of lives throughout the world.

These thousand weeks have changed the world.

Power. Life changes always. Change is no evil thing. Have you forgotten that God fulfils himself in many ways?

A. M. There is marvellous good in this changing world, but the change that breaks the heart is that more and more the powers of evil conquer and there are more and more who do not care. It is harder and harder for good to hold its own. The great indifferent millions are like a weight upon the world. They see the forces of right and truth and justice weaken, and will not

has been looking about the world for good things, and putting them down. It has believed that this is a kind world, and that for every man who seeks to do wrong a hundred try to do right. It believes that most people love fair play, and that the love of justice and the love of liberty go together. It believes that injustice is seated in the grip of Circumstance and not in the hearts of men. If all the world read the C N and believed in it there would be no hate in the world, no cruelty, no superstition, no ugly things, no greed or selfishness, no bad neighbours, no slums, no poverty, no great country keeping another down, no nation seeking its own advantage.

The Things That Remain

We believe in the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man, and the Unity of all Living Things. We believe the world is made for all and has room for all, and we believe in liberty for all as the way to universal happiness. We believe that the peoples of the earth have no ill-will against each other, and that most of their leaders are honestly striving to give their nations a great place in the world. We believe that if their ideas are not ours, that is nothing to us unless it menaces the peace that mankind needs to work out its way of life. We believe there are enough good things for all the people to share, and that it is possible to devise a plan of sharing them. We believe a way will be found, and that all men will see that a nation cannot prosper except on justice.

We believe that, however much the world changes, the eternal things remain, that what Socrates declared 25 centuries ago men still believe all the world over, that the Sermon on the Mount is the basis of the only civilisation that can endure, and that the Golden Rule of life is the only way to peace. We believe that, though the world has become a whirlpool of strife, in their hearts men still think they are brothers. We believe that the things that divide us are small and the things that unite us are great, that prejudice and bitterness and misunderstanding are like the wreckage floating on the tide, while faith and hope and charity are like the majestic calm below, which nothing disturbs from hour to hour or from age to age.

The Flag

Power. But what of your patriotism, this flag you are for ever waving, this mastery of the English spirit you seek throughout the world?

A. M. It is the grain of mustard seed that we would gladly see possess the earth, but we force it on no man. It is sown in freedom, watered in hope, sheltered in charity, in the faith that it will blossom in happiness and peace. It is no man's enemy. It interferes with none. It seeks a life in which



ARTHUR MEE AT HIS WINDOW

to pay our wages and make us profitable, we disappear with all our dreams.

Power. The Power that rules the world has filled it with the love of good things.

A. M. The Power that rules the world has made men free, and more and more men turn away and seek for new delights. Life is mostly stress and strain and pleasure. You sent me out to tell of eternal things, and it is the pleasures of today that men are seeking, the things born in the morning

help. They see them perish at last. Some institution goes, some strong thing loses strength, some brave man gives way, some paper dies, and those who could have saved it do not care.

Power. Where is the faith I gave you, your belief in mankind, the strength you had, and that invincible optimism that once you said no power could conquer?

A. M. I have tried to put it into my paper. Since we came out with the daffodils a thousand weeks ago it

What Are You Doing in the World, Arthur Mee?

all shall be free as the wind and the rain. It lets any man think the thing he will, say the thing he will, do the thing he will. This flag that we wave stands for the freedom of every man and race and nation, and for the righteous government of mankind.

Power. And is all well beneath the flag? I hear you constantly complaining. Is this English spirit, with its freedom and its power, so near perfection?

A.M. Far from perfection indeed, but is there any country, save in a few small lands with none of our heavy burdens, where life runs so smoothly, where the people are so happy, where the great power of the nation is thrown so generously into the scales for justice and security and peace throughout the earth?

Power. And yet you have failed in much, you with your ideals. How many things do you complain of in this land?

The Mystery

A.M. It is the unfathomable mystery of life that in a justice-loving land injustice can endure. We are curiously made. There are kind men who are not hurt to see a pack of dogs tear one poor fox to pieces. There are kind women in Parliament who will not lift a finger to prevent inflammable toys being sold for children. It is better that a millstone should be hung about our necks than that we should offend these little ones, yet this nation that seeks to stop cruelty, this Parliament that seeks to spread justice through the world, these shopkeepers who seek to make an honest living, are willing that a celluloid doll should be sold though it may burst into flame in front of the fire or in the sunshine, and burn a child to death. I have fought without ceasing against these things and failed. For 40 years in this country men have fought to give children pure milk, and they are fighting still. For 50 years and more they have fought to pull down slums, and they are fighting still. Things are better, the bad old days are not so bad, and a thousand good things have been done; but the weight of indifference and selfishness is heavy on the world, and it is hard. There are not enough good people. Patriotism is not enough, knowledge is not enough, power is not enough. It is the glow of faith, the belief that God is behind us and needs us that makes the difference between those who will fight and those who sit looking on.

Failure

Power. And so you have failed?

A.M. Do you remember those lines written by somebody no man knows: *O Land of Now, O Land of Then, Dear God, the dreams, the dreams of men.*

There is some success, but we go on and on and are not satisfied. Who is content? Looking back, it could all have been so much better done. If this thing had not always been tugging at a man's strength, if that thing had not troubled him, if half his life had not been consumed in little ways, if in the rough and tumble of the world (in the conflict of duties and loyalties and emotions) he could have made up his mind and given his strength to a single purpose, how much better would things have been!

If a man had not so many things to do, if he had time to renew the strength for ever ebbing away, how much less failure there would be, less striving and striving and ending in nothing!

Power. But all is not failure that has not yet borne fruit. Some harvest will be reached. The good seeds you sow in the minds of children will live and grow. You talk of the need for a voice ringing through the land to call men back to great simplicities, to the moral foundations that stand like a rock while all else is shifting sand. With such a man among you calling, and a multitude listening, Parliament might spend its time in reading the letters of St Paul, and the House of Commons might close down.

As Old as Galilee

Do you remember the idea with which Benjamin Kidd surprised you years ago? It is as old as Galilee, yet it came like a piece of news from Benjamin Kidd in the last generation. He said that if you began with the children you could do what you would. Sow peace and righteousness in the children for one generation and you could transform the world. It means that if you want any great thing you can have it by waiting a generation. It is not long to wait for the Kingdom of Heaven. It is certain that you can bring back the lofty spirit which raised your hopes when the flower of your flock went out to die that peace might possess the earth. You can do it if you will. No new law is wanted, no great discovery, no politics, no soldiers: you have merely to use the means that God put into your hands, *the children of the world, His reinforcements.*

A.M. I have always believed it. Somewhere the seeds are growing, something has been put in many lives, some ideas have gone about the world in these thousand weeks.

Shaping Our Race

It was when the Mother of the C.N. (the Children's Encyclopedia) appeared that Benjamin Kidd said it might have more influence on the nation than many Acts of Parliament; and there must surely be a vast multitude whose minds have been shaped or influenced by this paper which, week in week out, year in year out, has been bearing witness to the things that make up the English spirit. I have tried to give back to our children what England has given to me, the things that are woven in the warp and woof of our race.

The English Bible has, more than any other single factor, shaped our life and speech; whether we know it or not it has made us what we are. There is no beauty to compare with it in literature, and there is nothing to compare with the character it has built up in the English-speaking race. We have fallen from grace, but we believe in the moral beauty of Jesus as fervently as we believe in the Flag. We believe in Faith, Hope, and Charity, and in Charity as the greatest of these, and from it comes the toleration and fair play that have been the cornerstones of British government throughout the world. It is the boast of every Englishman that, like Voltaire, he may disagree with every word you say but he will die for your right to say it.

We feel that there is something running through our lives which is not merely of this world; we cannot get away from the deep thought Wordsworth gave us—that we are greater than we know.

The deepest mystery in every man's life is his place in the world. Is he an actor on the stage or a spectator looking on? as I remember Gilbert Murray asking long ago. Is he a guest or a captive in this strange world? as William Watson asks. However it may be, it is part of our faith that there is in every life a spark thrown off by God's anvil when He made the world. It is the divinity which leads us on and has never failed us yet.

Character of Our People

On these foundations the character of our race is built, and in every one of us there are many things beside—our indomitable faith in personality and freedom; our deep love of natural beauty, springing from the feeling that we are one with Nature; our belief in the Past that has made us, with our insistence on keeping alive our immortal memories: the nobility of Alfred, the genius of Chaucer, the courage of Raleigh and Drake, the wonder of Elizabeth, the majesty of Shakespeare, the matchless characters of Cromwell and Milton, the glory of Reynolds and Gainsborough and Romney, the delicate beauty of so many of our poets (Wordsworth's daffodils, Shelley's skylark, Keats's nightingale); the marvellous power of our inventors. All these things I have sought to teach our children.

I have tried to take the children behind things as we see them, to let them feel that nothing is empty or dead, but that the very stones cry out. We must have failed if those who have been reading this paper do not feel a thrill when they pass Westminster in a bus. To them it is no empty place: it is the shrine of the spirit of our race for a thousand years; it is Chaucer's grave; it is the cradle of Parliaments; it is the temple of the throne of kings; it is Queen Elizabeth's tomb, and Henry the Fifth's, and the place where Cromwell lay; it is the Unknown Warrior's grave, and the place where Sir Walter Raleigh said, "I have a long journey to take, and I must bid the company farewell."

Every Man's Three Worlds

Power. Have you not lived too much in the Past?

A.M. To every man three worlds belong: the world he has come from, the world he lives in, and the world he is marching to. But they are one world, one life. Then is there any Past? Is there any Past in the sense that it is over and done and has no influence on our lives? Is not the most impelling and appealing thought the wondrous continuity of things? The ocean has been surging with its tides from the first day of Creation. The rivers have been running to the sea. The sun has been shining and the stars looking down, and the earth has been yielding its fruits.

We sit by the fire, and the coal that is warming us was laid down before man came. The ideas on which we live and work and build the world are older than mankind. These twentieth-century forces that transform our lives are older than life itself. The coal was there. The

oil was there. The electricity was there. The waves were there, waiting for the B.B.C. to pick them up. If the Future is like a magnet drawing us into a world of dreams, the Past is like a dynamo driving us irresistibly on. Anywhere so long as it is forward, said Livingstone, and forward we must go.

These powers behind us make up the world before our eyes. They are not something that has ceased to be. They are the eternal forces of today. We see them as they have been a million years, as they were before the first child laughed or cried, and as they will be in time beyond our reckoning. We are a part of all that we have met and all that has yet been. We belong to some immortal mystery that no man knows. I have seen a bare hilltop that in these thousand weeks has grown into the very gate of heaven; and so Life has been all the way, a building-up into what we see and what we are.

So is it quite true to speak of things that are past as if they were dead and no more concerned with us? Is it not more true to think of Life as an illimitable thread which is put into our hands for a while to weave into the fabric of the world?

Power. And how are you winding your thread? What fabric are you building up? Why after all these thousand weeks have you so little done?

The Road to the Millennium

A.M. It is a mighty army of fifteen million children that has come knocking at the door in these thousand weeks, and we have done our best to shape a better world for them. We have tried to teach them the Road to the Millennium—that the flowers in a garden fade, that the dazzling spectacle dies away, that pleasures pall, that the traveller longs for home again; but that he who seeks his happiness in the Golden Rule will surely find it. We have tried to teach them that though life is many things to many people (Work to one, Adventure to another, Money to the merchant, Savings to the banker, Learning to the scholar, Conquest to the soldier, Love to the mother, Healing to the doctor), the life that never yet has failed to bring its own reward is Giving. At the bottom of all our faith is that; it is the individual faith of our people and of our race. The call us a proud and hard nation, but no country has ever been taxed like England, and what is it they tax us for? What is it but the spreading of our happiness about the world? There is no race that is more willing to share its freedom and its way of happiness with all the world. Life is nothing, power is nothing, wealth is nothing, knowledge is nothing without Giving.

I hope we have taught our lesson well and have not altogether failed. I have much sympathy with those who think we are not perfect and write to tell us when we slip, but I remember the lonely people at the ends of the earth who wait for our coming to them every week and their letters are often more than gold. Hundreds of times they are not to be read without tears. I remember the Dan who wrote that he could not help loving this country after reading this paper. I remember the letter of a great man known to all the world whose mother, as she lay dying, begged that he would send th

C N every week to a working family she knew. I remember that it was the last paper mentioned by Sir Ernest Shackleton as he left London on the journey from which there was no return. I remember that Sir Ian Hamilton thought its story of Gallipoli almost the best he had read, and that it was something in our columns which moved a rich American to come to the aid of Amundsen.

The CN in Prison

It was Five Hundred Words in this paper which raised Five Thousand Pounds for the hungry children of Austria long before Hitler came to rescue them from independence. For a thousand weeks we have supported every noble cause that has appealed to us, and hundreds more, and many charities bear witness to the good heart of our affectionate public. They have bought ten war horses from slavery and set them free. They have raised a fund which set ten idle men to work. They sent a hundred pounds to help a good old man who started a Nature Sanctuary across the earth at Humbug Scrub. I think there are a myriad hearts about the world a little kinder for the things that we have said. Never shall I forget the morning when my door opened and a man walked in and said :

I left prison yesterday after being there 18 months. They gave me a pound, and I bought my ticket to London to come to see you. Every Thursday morning they gave the C N to every prisoner in the Isle of Man. I have read it every week from cover to cover, and it has made me a new man. I have come to tell you that I am going straight.

He has gone straight ; after three times in prison he is my friend and an honest man. It is something. It is some consolation that the printed word has power to save a soul that was all but lost. Our printed words have gone far and wide and been printed hundreds of millions of times, and they have been written by all sorts and conditions of people. Four fine poets have been on our regular staff, one of the most famous professors of science wrote for us till he passed away, one of the world's most famous cricketers used our columns to give advice to boys, and the Chief Scout himself has used our platform to reach Young Britain. It was the C N which gave to the world the most reprinted story of this century, quoted perhaps in every newspaper of the English-speaking world, the poignant story of the Seventh Man ; and it is the C N which has kept the world in touch with the work of the most remarkable woman in Australia, Daisy Bates, who wrote for years to us from her tent between Civilisation and Barbarism, where the poor Blackfellows would come to her as the friend of their dying race. I am not likely to forget the story she told me of having tea at her tent with a mother who had *caten her own child*.

Battles Lost and Won

Power. And what of the great ideas with which you set out crusading ? How many of your battles are not won ?

A. M. I have tried to fight a good fight and keep the faith ; a man can do no more. We have done our best to keep beautiful the English countryside, to save our villages from destruction and our roads from shame. For years our roads have been like a circus to the eye and a sorrow to the heart, the price we pay for the Motor

JUSTICE FOR ALL MANKIND



WHY IS IT THAT THE BEGGAR AT THE DOOR HAS BECOME THE MASTER OF THE WORLD ?
 "A little more humanity, a little more fair play in the desperate hour of your peace, would it not have paid you now ? Was there not a seed of Justice in the revolt of the vanquished against the victors ? The little seed of Justice has grown into a tree."

The Things the CN Fights For

Age. Is it not one of the strangest things in the world that the rich motor industry, depending so much on the beauty of the countryside, has more than any other factor destroyed our English beauty with its ridiculous Aunt Sally, the everlasting petrol pump?

A thousand times we have protested, begging the public not to buy petrol from the ugly garages strewn up and down the land, and there has been some response, for many beautiful garages have been built; but the motor trade has little pride in the English heritage which has made it so rich. One thing stands out to witness to its lack of public spirit. When the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds was in danger we joined with Lady Oxford to try to save it; it was easy, for it was next door to the AA headquarters, and we suggested it as an extension of these. Nothing could have been better than that its members should have thought of the home of Sir Joshua as the gateway to headquarters; but the AA would not, the house came down, and now that it is done the whole world sees that in its place is an extension of the AA offices. It is an incredible example of public indifference.

The Tragedies

As for the tragedy of our roads, we have pleaded long for the removal from the road of the hundreds of thousands of incompetent drivers who could not pass the test, and for drastic treatment of the drinking driver let off so lightly now. There can be little doubt that the removal of these two factors from the roads would save thousands of lives a year from maiming and death.

While doing what we could for the roads we have year after year called on Authority to establish Walking to the Left, so that on the pavement everyone shall face the danger.

We have urged without ceasing that our unemployed should be paid for doing something instead of being paid for doing nothing. We have protested against masses of men being idle for years while public work was waiting to be done. We have asked that the farce of paying men to be idle should be replaced by a scheme of using them to work out their unemployment pay. If a town has a thousand men receiving a thousand pounds a week for doing nothing, and a piece of waste land waiting to be made into a park, the men should do the work, each man working as long as his pay allows him at the proper rate of wages.

Had this been done there would not now be a famine of skilled men, there would be no distressed areas, for the work would have kept the wheels of industry turning and men would have kept their working powers instead of eating their hearts away.

Who Cares?

We have fought against Litter; it is the CN that has made the Litter Lout a household word. We called for bus ticket boxes for years before they came, and again and again we have asked that the Litter Lout's ways should be stopped by the only power that can stop him, the power of the police to fine or summon him at sight. *Our streets could be cleared of litter in a week.*

We have fought against unkindness everywhere: against cruelty in the hunting-field, the hard lot of the pit-ponies, the callous destruction of bird life by oil at sea, the cowardly butchery of pigeons at Monte Carlo. We have fought the iniquity of Inflammable Celluloid, a thing for which the country needs a Dictator for an hour, for Democracy cares nothing about babies burned to death by celluloid dolls or women by

celluloid combs in their hair. So long as we get the revenue we are neutral, as the Chancellor says of the Pools which are degrading our people.

We have done what we could to urge that the Films should have brains behind them instead of being left in the hands of the showman, and that a nobler use should be made of this marvellous instrument of progress, the greatest idea ever thrown away. We have fought hard for the removal of the great disgrace of Charing Cross and its ugly bridge.

Good Things Wanted

We have tried to get every town to adopt the Humane Killer. We have done our best to interest the world in the League of Nations as the one precious gain of the war, the greatest world organisation ever known, for which humanity paid with fifty thousand million pounds in gold and ten million lives of men. We have supported the BBC as the most potential institution on the earth, begging that it should not be satisfied to give people only what they want but should give them what is right and good. Again and again we have asked that the nation should insist on the Mint and the Post Office mending their ways by giving us a beautiful coin and a beautiful stamp. It is inconceivable that the opportunity of putting a beautiful thing into everybody's pocket should be thrown away. For years before they came the CN urged that the Post Office should set up its kiosks in the streets, but it has failed to move St Martins in crusading for good stamps.

We have failed also to obtain a Planetarium for London. It is a shame that the capital should be without so great a boon as this; and it should also have two other things the CN has always wanted for it, a Public Microscope and a Public Telescope. It has been our constant effort to secure such delights and utilities for the nation.

The Committee & the CN

I like to remember, in spite of all our failure, that we have tried to keep our standard high and our English clean. In the Government Committee on Teaching English (with Sir Henry Newbolt in the chair and Q among the members) only two papers were mentioned by name, and both were mine; the Committee declared that the CN is excellent, and attractive enough to need no recommendation from Authority.

It is a trifle, but it was the CN which found Mr Shaw saying on the stage in *The Apple Cart* the opposite of what he meant, and it was the CN which led the way in a reform which has now been accepted by every newspaper in the land, the dropping of the ridiculous full-stop after headings. Having got rid of the full-stop, we have tried to keep in its place the apostrophe (one of the most abused factors in our grammar); we found it in a piece of bad English on the brass plate of St James's Palace, and on its being pointed out in the CN that the King's Palace should speak King's English the plate was removed and the mistake put right.

We have done all we could to spread the idea of a School Fleet for our children; it is our policy that there should always be fifty thousand scholarships on offer which would take boys and girls round the world. There is nothing difficult in such an enterprise except the indifference of our Governments to imaginative ideas; Germany has already realised the value of such voyages.

We have tried to persuade the National Gallery to hang a great picture in one of

its windows for the crowd to see as it passes by, and the idea has been met halfway with a picture out-of-doors, while the United Services Museum in Whitehall has carried out the whole idea as well as its small windows will allow. We have sought hard and often to persuade Authority to set up the Chief Scout on the empty pedestal in Trafalgar Square, and still we hope to see him there astride his horse before we die. It would be a great thing to set him there in bronze while we are raising the Fund of half a million for the Scouts.

Some Things Done

Alone among the newspapers of England we called for the wiping out of the meanest small thing done in the Great War—the removal of the German Rhodes Scholars from Oxford—and in a few months the disgrace was made good and the scholars were invited to come back. Alone among the London papers, also, we called attention to a great blot on Westminster, where the Central Hall, facing the Abbey itself, was allowed to remain unfinished, as the builder left it, for years owing to some blunder. In the end the thing we called for was done.

We have urged a new attraction for village churches, an automatic device for lighting up the chancel, and have set up the first of these in any English church, the Saxon church of Earls Barton in Northants. We have suggested an un-failing source of income for King George's Playing Fields, which might put on the gates of great houses a symbol which would mean that a passer-by might pay a shilling to the fund and go over the garden. Always people are passing great gardens they would love to look round; but the idea has not been adopted and the shillings do not reach the fund.

Is Civilisation Breaking Down?

Power. But it is not all failure? You will carry on your fight for good and brave and interesting things?

A. M. We shall go on. We shall try to make goodness news. We shall put into our paper what ought to be known and leave out the things that do not count. We know too well how many good things the Great War killed—even sugar is not so sweet as it was, and the musk lost its scent when the war began! Both these strange things are true, and we need not lose heart that many lovely things are gone. We shall hope that, in these days when millions of twopences are going into gambling pools instead of into papers, our wonderful public in every land will grow wider and wider until the peace for which we strive is as wide as the world. Yet it is harder and harder. What is it that is happening to mankind? Is Civilisation breaking down? We see great nations like so many Calibans, marching to power in shining steel, ready to massacre women and children. We see the human mind made captive, justice denied and torture revived, truth on the scaffold and wrong on the throne again, freedom mocked, peace reviled, mercy scorned, and beauty torn to shreds.

Beggars are Masters

To those who can remember for a generation the state of Europe is like an evil dream. Only the other day the world was on a rock; now it is on a volcano. Who would have believed that it was possible for a Napoleon to stride to power again? Yet we have not one but three in Europe, with hundreds of millions of lives in their grip and nations walking afraid.

Power. And yet a thousand weeks ago you were masters of the world, your country, your ideals. You had won the war, and the future was yours. These nations that terrify you now, where were they then? Why is it that the beggar at the door has become the master of the world?

A. M. Alas, it is injustice that has made it so. The winners of the war have lost the Peace. Four Unknown Warriors lie in famous tombs in their country's capitals, but Four Known Men have much to answer for. In the spirit of war they made a peace that was no peace.

Power. You had some share in it. You approved the Peace.

A. M. Can any man be just in time of war? It was too soon to make a Peace for all time; but with the Peace came the League of Nations to administer it fairly, to stamp out injustice and to lead the world back to nobler ways.

Hope

Power. A noble dream, a broken dream; but what of it all now? Is there not something gained? Is there no consolation in this—that the power that has raised these nations from beggary to mastery of the world is the power of justice? Who told you to punish the children for the sins of their fathers? Who told you that a beaten foe should never rise again? A little more humanity, a little fair play in the desperate hour of your Peace, would it not have paid you now? Was there not a seed of justice in the revolt of the vanquished against the victors? *The little seed of justice has grown into a tree.*

A. M. It is easy to see it now, and some have seen it long, but the powers that have grown from the little seed of justice are just no more. The world is in the grip of war again. Our Peace has failed, and Hope is as our great artist painted her, sitting on the top of the world straining faint music from her harp's last broken string.

Things Have Been Worse

Power. But have not things been worse before? Are you weakening because it is hard? Was it easy for those fishermen in Galilee when their world seemed at an end? Every one of them forsook Our Lord and fled, and afterwards, when hope revived, they were hunted and tortured and crucified, and their followers driven into holes in the earth. At least you are not crucified. At least the strongest nations in the world are on your side, loving truth and freedom and peace. At least there are men in every land who love justice and fair play and have not bowed the knee to Baal. All things have not failed. Was your faith like a house built on the sand or like the house built on the rock? If Christianity has not succeeded in nearly 2000 years, is your heart broken that the League of Nations has not succeeded in these thousand weeks? Be strong, and of good courage. Quit you like men. Out into the world again. Tell these young people who never yet have seen the world at peace that all will be well with the Old Land, that justice, truth, and liberty have never yet been beaten in the world, and that it is still true, as through the ages, that

*Behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch upon His own.*

THE THOUSAND WEEKS TO COME

And the Marvellous Things We May Expect To See In Them

WE look elsewhere at the thousand weeks that have passed; what of the thousand weeks to come?

A thousand weeks ago the C.N. was born into a world growing smaller while its children were growing bigger. In the next thousand weeks we shall see the world shrinking faster than ever. We shall see its sights and hear its sounds, however distant these may be, as clearly as if the whole round world were packed in the next room. The touch of a button, the turn of a switch, and all that happens from pole to pole will be ours to command.

The thousand weeks that have passed have seen these wonders coming with ever-quickenings strides, and the promise of wireless, television, and the gramophone to conquer the worlds of sound and sight and space never falters. These marvellous inventions hold the Past, the Present, and the Future in their hands.

The next generation will be the first to see and hear the Past. The actual sight and sound of every great event will be recorded and preserved on reel and wax disc, so that it can be turned on any time.

No gift of prophecy is needed to assure us of all this, for this future is already knocking at our doors. We can see and hear it coming. Last year's Coronation Procession winds its way now across cinema screens in far-off places of Africa or Asia. This year's Test Matches will be recorded on the television screens as well as on the films, to be put by for future reference. In every week of the 1000 weeks to come some advance will be made to the complete annihilation of space and time.

Today the television screen is no bigger than this page; and its vibrating pictures can be flashed for less than a hundred miles; but in 1000 weeks the

screen will be as big as we desire. Then the choice of sights to see or sounds to hear will not be limited to a few programmes. Science will have harnessed the ether waves so as to insulate them from all interference, and will offer a thousand wavelengths to choose from where now are a dozen. The listeners and the viewers will be able to see what they like and hear what they like all the world over.

Today from our private telephone we can ring up New York or Capetown or Hong Kong for conversation, and this ability foreshadows tremendous developments to come. The Five Continents and the Seven Seas will become a vast Listening Gallery where at any hour of the day or night we shall be able to talk with anyone on land or sea, hear his voice, see his face, as if he were sitting on the opposite side of the fireplace instead of at the opposite side of the world.

not the tiny messengers of smell be conveyed on the same electric steeds, and their message converted at the journey's end, so that we might smell a bunch of roses held to the transmitter a thousand miles away?

Shall We Universalise the Senses?

Is it too fantastic? Our children may wonder why we thought so. To them may be conveyed in the same way not only smell but taste, which is to smell so near allied. Then the fifth sense of touch may yield to the same commonplace magic. This, like the others, will come slowly, and not in 1000 weeks; but the inventors will be reaching towards it, as Thorne Baker and J. L. Baird were reaching towards television less than 1000 weeks ago, when many declared they could not succeed.

If smell and taste and touch can be transmitted the way will be cleared to sending power without wires, as well as over cables. That is visionary yet, and for such a purpose electric power will have to be generated on a scale undreamed of now, and new sources of such power made available; but in the next 1000 weeks all the electric engineers will be trying to find the key.

They may not find it, because to turn the key seems at the present time to need more electric power than we can muster. But we are getting on. Electric machines developing millions of volts are searching the atom, and a way may be found of directing some of its forces. A few centuries ago there was no electric power in sight. All that was known of it was that there was a mysterious fluid capable of producing sparks. Who would have believed that this fluid would light the world and drive trains?

If the unloosing and harnessing of these hidden forces belongs to years beyond our power to reckon, the increased employment of the electricity we have is as certain as the day. The electric grid spreading its net before our eyes will catch every village, every house, in its web. Twenty years will not establish its supremacy over the modest gas which comes from our coalfields, and which is always spurred to make fresh efforts to keep up; but every home will have the choice between the electric switch or the gas tap to light the room or cook the dinner. The coal fire will be more and more a memory. It seems almost too much to hope, but there may be no coal smuts on the curtains of the home, and London fogs will be white.

We Shall All Be Aladdins

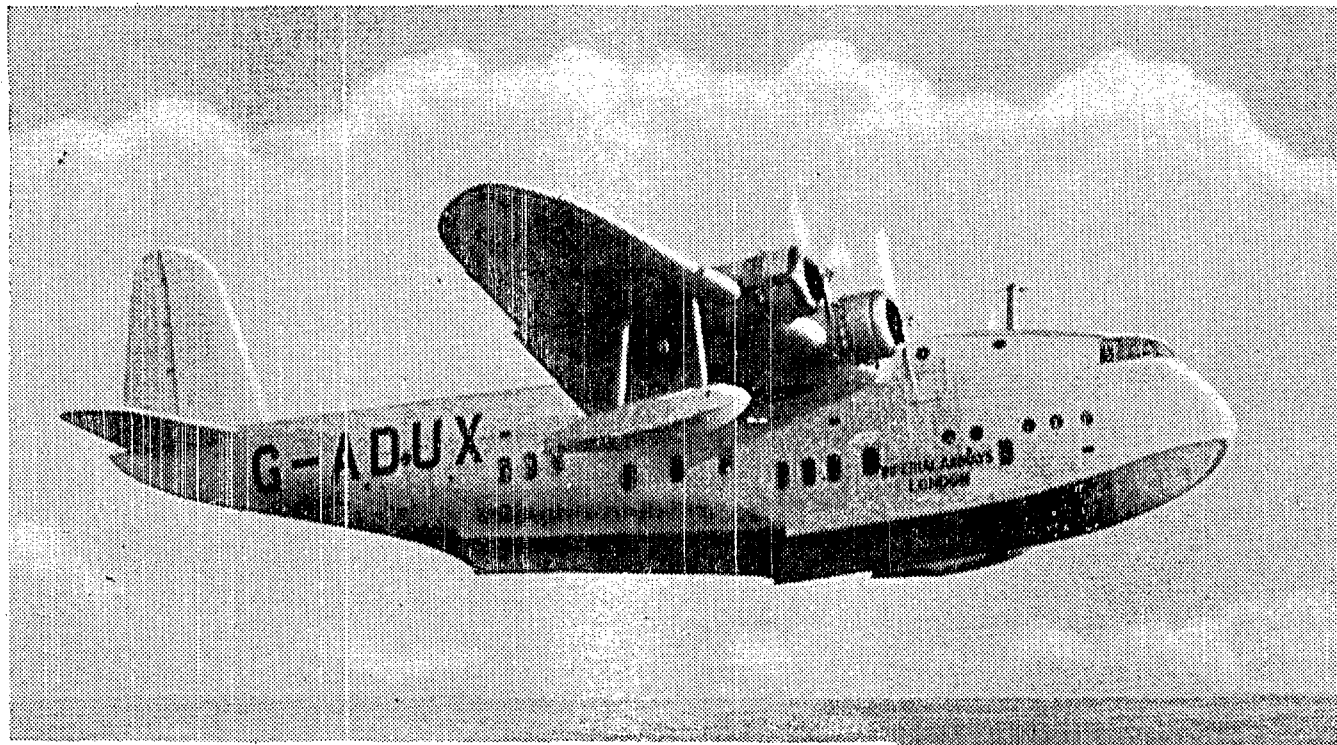
We shall all be Aladdins, able at the touch of a magic button to summon the genie to cook the joint or keep it in cold storage, to flood the room with light or keep the air circulating with a fan. It is certain that we shall have better ways of lighting; the old glow lamp may be replaced by something better.

Everything in invention is now speeding up. It will speed faster before another 1000 weeks have gone, and one reform long overdue will surely be with us—hot water. In distant Iceland, the capital of Reykjavik gets its hot water supply in most of its houses from underground hot springs. We shall probably not lag behind Reykjavik twenty years longer. We shall get our hot water, not from the kitchen boiler, but supplied by the water company. Power will be sent to workshops and factories, not from their own boilers, but from big central stations. In London we may look for a Metropolitan Hot Water Board.

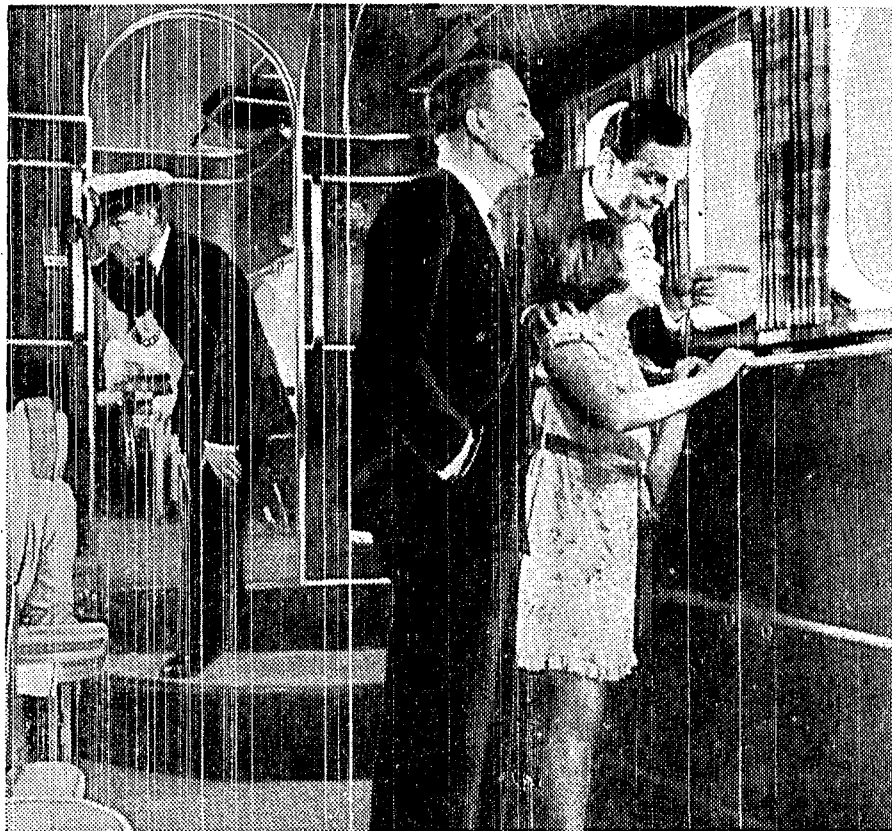
The small suburban house can only survive if the ways of getting to and from it improve, and so we come to the better transport of the 1960's and 1970's. By that time the public authorities will have tackled the toll of the roads.

Continued on page 10

The Biggest Wonder of 1000 Weeks



Nothing in the last 1000 weeks has been more startling than the development of flying, dramatically seen in these pictures of an Empire Flying Boat inside and out.



All that has been said of what the ether waves will do in the future in carrying light and sound over the earth follows from what we know they do now. Discovery and invention never stand still, and the marvels now performed must be followed by others still more marvellous. Is it not wonderful that we can hear a voice 12,000 miles away as clearly as if it were no more than a few feet distant? Our grandfathers would never have believed it possible; now we think it a matter of course, like the water from the tap.

What is it that these electro-magnetic waves will not do as the magicians of the electric power-houses learn to handle them better? They are leading us to the possibility of so enlarging the grasp of all the five senses as to throw distance to the winds.

Smell comes to our nostrils on invisible particles carried on waves of air. The waves of air carrying sound are now transformed into electric waves which are transmitted any distance, and then converted back into waves of sound on the wireless instruments. Why should

LAST JOURNEY OF A TIRED OLD MAN

And a Strange Procession on the Roof of the World

Little news comes from Tibet, where in Lhasa, the sacred city on the Roof of the World, the new Dalai Lama, the sacred child, is cradled.

We heard last year that the holy child had been found, recognised, and accepted; and that his spiritual godfather, the old Tashi Lama, was on his way from exile in China to pay him homage. The Tashi Lama, who fourteen years before had been compelled to fly from Tibet, was coming back at last, in the hope that in the newborn era he might lay his old bones in the land of his birth.

It was not to be. The Tashi Lama's journey from China to Tibet had been long. He had come accompanied by many followers, by camels, and a body-guard to protect the caravan through the wild country. At the gates of Tibet he paused, awaiting permission to enter. Before this was given he died, blessing in his last hours the holy child he had come to see and never saw.

Conflict in Lhasa

Then again silence fell on the doings in Lhasa, which seems to sleep among its mountains, the world forgetting, by the world forgot. But the silence is illusory. Conflict is stirring among the politicians and the monks of the sacred city, and the echoes of strife reach to the Tibetan frontier.

It is said that his body will be brought from Jekundo, where his journey ended, for burial in Lhasa. But the retinue of lesser lamas and other followers who brought it there are still wrangling with the authorities of Lhasa, on the one hand, and with the Chinese authorities who provided the escort, on the other, about the disposal of the body.

At the moment its very whereabouts are uncertain. The C.N. learns from an old friend in North China that it was intended to take the body of the Tashi to Kanze, where there is a huge monastery of the Yellow Sect with 2000 monks. The Chinese Government may then say what is to be done with the sacred relic.

The River of Golden Sands

If the tired old man, whose last few years of life had been far from happy, could have had his wish he would have chosen a quiet funeral where his pilgrimage ended; but that is not the view of his enormous band of followers, who would then find their occupation gone. They prefer to carry the embalmed body from place to place, like the precious relic of a saint in the Middle Ages, deriving praise and alms from the pious wherever they come to a temporary halt.

At present this strange procession, as strange as any ever seen on the Roof of the World, is making its way very slowly to Kanze. Then it will be taken as slowly back again to the frontier of Tibet, where a river rises to begin a longer and more chequered journey than any taken by the Tashi, for this river is the Yangtse Kiang, which when it flows through China becomes the River of Golden Sands. It will still be flowing when Dalai Lama and Tashi Lama, and all they signify, are forgotten. Meanwhile, Lhasa and China pass the old man's body to and fro, and his greedy followers hold on to it as their only means of subsistence.

The Crow in the Farmyard

It is not often that we hear of a crow carrying off livestock from a farm, but a farmer's wife at Little Kelk, Driffild, had a strange experience not long ago.

She had been missing her ducklings and was puzzled to know how they disappeared. One morning she heard a scurrying sound in the yard and on going out was just in time to see a crow swoop on a duckling and carry it off.

TRUE STORY OF AN AUSTRIAN GIRL

FRAULEIN is an Austrian maid who has been in England for six months.

She is so capable and good tempered, so willing and loyal, that she gives her country a good name all round the village in the Chilterns where she may be seen at work.

On the day after Christmas she was walking back from mass when an Irishwoman noticed her as being a stranger and a foreigner. They got into conversation and the maid told her new friend that she was spending her Christmas alone in a big house, the people being away. There was no company but the cat and the wireless which talked in an unfamiliar tongue: and at Christmas! Now the maid spends many hours with her Irish friend.

Letters have lately arrived from home—uncensored, and the tale they tell can be only one among thousands. The father is a craftsman who is of sufficient importance to hold a high office in the small town where they live. Early on the Sunday morning after Herr Hitler entered Austria the

father and mother were awakened by a thunderous knocking at the door. The father put his head out of the window and saw three young men wearing Nazi armlets. "Heil Hitler!" shouted the leader. "You hold office no longer. The Fuehrer has appointed a good Nazi. Open the door! Heil Hitler!"

The father then hurried downstairs, where he was compelled to open his desk and give up his official papers, and finally, at the point of a revolver, had to say "Heil Hitler!" and give the salute. Then the three men stamped away.

They went next to the schoolhouse and turned out the schoolmaster, who was told by the young men to go out of his school, out of his house, as he was not fit to teach German children. They tore down the Austrian cross over the door, and put up the swastika.

Our little maid wept until she could weep no more, and longed to go home, but she had promised to stay with her employers for a year, and she is keeping her word.

The Thousand Weeks To Come

Continued from page 9

Walking on them will no longer be like walking about a railway goods station. They will be made safe for democracy, with no bigger percentage of accidents on them than on railways now. The road hogs (we hope) will all be in prison, and every driver will be tested.

In order to keep them from ever again infesting the roads there will be Polytechnic classes to teach everyone to drive a car; and car driving will be very much simpler because of the improvement in cars and in roads. All roads will be one-way, with walks or gardens in the middle, or with green verges separating them from the parallel road. On the great motoring roads (cars only) nobody will be allowed to walk, any more than now they are permitted in the Mersey Tunnel. All roads will have subways and fly-overs to let walkers cross, and the subways will have ramps instead of steps, so that the feeling of going down a hole and coming up the other side will have vanished.

Transport Tomorrow

There will be a rising number of underground passages at crossroads where the traffic is dense, so that one line of traffic can cross under or above another; and one of our big railway systems may be converted into a motorway from end to end of England. The railway has often been threatened and yet survives. It will long be wanted for heavy goods and for long distances; but many a short line would be worked better by motor transport. In any event, it will be as easy for the small householder to live 50 miles out of town as he finds 20 miles now.

What will become of the cyclist? He will have his road, and we think no advance in motoring will rob him of his exercise or his pastime. Cycling will be made safe, and so will the older-fashioned pastime of walking. We have no belief in a future generation which will shut itself up in cities as in glasshouses. No! The country, the wind on the heath, will always call the sons of men, and the more roads are reserved for cars, the more will be freed for the walker to seek and find by them fresh woods and pastures new.

The flying machine will be the motor-car of the future. There will be small planes like taxis. With the helicopter we shall take off anywhere, perhaps hiring one at Victoria to take us to the Paris liner's airport, so that we shall be in Paris or Hamburg by the time it now takes us to get started.

As for long distances, the journey to America will be as commonplace as the Channel passage now. At the moment the experts frown on the idea of a closed-in aeroplane flying eight miles up in the thin air of the stratosphere faster than sound can travel, so that it might get to America and back in a day. But who knows? The other day an airman flew from Edinburgh to London in 48 minutes. His son may fly from London to New York between sunrise and sunset.

The world of the fliers will not be bounded by these places on the map. The North and South Atlantic, the whole Pacific, the Indian Ocean and the China Sea, and the Arctic Ocean as well, will all be crossed by their invisible trackways, as the network of electric pylons crosses the land now. The power and endurance of the machines will increase, but so as to make their journeys easier and shorter there will be landings for them on artificial as well as on actual islands. The first artificial island is still a dream, a huge place like a ship moored in the ocean, but bigger than any Normandie or Queen Mary, with room on it for hotels and restaurants. The trip to South America, or from America to Asia or Australia, would be like a holiday cruise of many stops, such as the shipping companies offer today.

These are some of the universal promises of the future, the big things. But there are many small ones which swim into the field of the telescope we level at the future. There will be cinemas where no screen will appear with figures moving on it as in a world of shadows. Instead of a screen we shall look on a stage on which the actors will all appear like solid figures, and not in blacks and whites and greys, but in colour. They will enact a play of living people on a stage, instead of shadows on a screen. This great development of the films will be one of the biggest of all.

A Saner World

There will be playing-fields in plenty, and the parks and squares will be playgrounds where no rails will be necessary to keep people out, but where the pride of the people will keep them free from harm—or from litter. The Litter Lout, we must hope, will be as dead as the dodo, with none to mourn him.

But we must cease our prophecies by order of space. It will be a healthier and saner world; and we venture on the prediction that the world will have driven out war for ever and have a League of Nations from which no nation can afford to keep out.

PIONEERS

The Sunday School in India

Mr and Mrs Annett are being welcomed home after 28 years of work in India. Within a day or two they expect to leave England again, to take up work among Armenian refugees in Greece, where they will supervise the home industries carried on in their cottages by Armenian women.

Edward Annett first went as a missionary to Ceylon in 1900, and after two years was joined by Edith Cheal, whom he married. A breakdown in his health sent them back to England within another six months, and it seemed that their work in the East must be finished, for the doctors said he must not return to Ceylon. "But another door into India opened," said Edward Annett to the C.N. "We did odd jobs in South Africa, and New Zealand, and then the Sunday School Union asked us to go to India."

At that time the graded Sunday School idea had only just been introduced into England from Canada, and Westhill, the now famous training college at Birmingham for Sunday School teachers, was in the experimental stage. Yet it was these new ideas which the Annetts were asked to spread in India, and, thanks to their enthusiasm, Sunday School training in that country has kept in step with developments here, graded schools now being at work all over the country.

Always Travelling

Their achievement is all the greater because of the lack of facilities. In the Lushai Hills in north-east India, for example, the whole Bible has not even yet been translated into the local dialect, and the grandparents of scholars were head-hunters.

For their first eight years in India the Annetts had no home, unless the railway might be called a home, for they were continually travelling, giving lectures on Bible teaching and Bible geography; then someone gave a cottage at Coonoor in the Nilgiri Hills, South India. From this grew the St Andrew Training Institution, opened in 1926.

Most of the students who come there are Indians, but English and American missionaries also attend. Fortunately all the courses are in English, as ours is the only common tongue. English is surprisingly widely known in South India; a beggar will beg in English, to be more certain of being understood!

On their way home the Annetts addressed 94 meetings in Egypt.

Latest Incident of the Great War

A blacksmith of Ypres found a gas shell the other day and, thinking it harmless, began to adapt it as a garden roller.

His companions in the forge suddenly feeling ill, he carried the shell into the open air, where it still appeared to affect all who came near it. Finally soldiers wearing gas masks were called in to remove it, but the schools and houses near by had first to be evacuated for a time and all food in them destroyed. The shell proved to be one left in the ground from the war.

This Week's Book

The Book awarded this week to the reader for the best letter asking for it is sent to Miss Marion C. Graham, Police Station, Beith, Ayrshire. The book asked for is Millard's Grammar of Elocution.

Strange

Strange as it may seem, a man has driven a car in Birmingham for five years without having heard of or seen a driving licence. The fact was revealed in a case in which a man was summoned.

THE PRIDE OF A VILLAGE

Wadard Looks Down After 800 Years

Farningham, one of the loveliest Kent villages near London, has given itself a village hall.

What we like about it is not only that it is good to see, compact and comfortable and in every way useful, but that it is a good bit of Kent work from beginning to end; it is the Pride of Farningham.

The Hall has long been dreamed of by the great friend of the village living at the Mill House (Mr H. J. Ward), and all Farningham was delighted that after a sad breakdown in his health Mr Ward was able to open the Hall. The land for it was given by the lord of the manor, Sir Irving Alberty, M.P., and the Hall was designed by the daughter of the manor house, Miss Jessica Alberty, who has added to Farningham's delightful village group a neighbour not unworthy to keep company with the church, the manor



Wadard as he rides above Farningham and as he appears in the Bayeux tapestry

house, the mill, the farm with the old barn, and the hotel with the famous chestnut tree. Standing by the Hall we see this group in a setting of rising hills, with the little Darent running past and Farningham Woods stretching away.

All the work has been done, and most of the materials made, by local folk. A young man of the village has fitted up the electric light, and to crown this village achievement there rises above it all a friend of Farningham from Domesday Book, for Miss Alberty has had the lovely idea of turning a Norman friend of the Conqueror into a weathervane, and above her Hall stands a Farningham landowner of 850 years ago, Wadard.

He is an interesting little fellow, for he comes not only into Domesday Book but into one of the most famous pictures in the world, the Bayeux Tapestry, which was made for the Conqueror, probably embroidered by his wife and her ladies. It still exists, the original being about 19 inches high and 200 feet long; in it are 72 scenes with 37 buildings, 41 ships, 762 animals, and 623 men and women. One of these men is Wadard, riding his horse, carrying his shield and lance, and we show here the picture of him as he appears in the Conqueror's procession. This is how he rode into Farningham, and this is how Miss Alberty has had him made in a local smithy, a delightful device which makes all Farningham familiar with its first famous man and crowns this village dream come true with a bit of work that is good to see and is in itself a bit of history.

From the CN Postbag

We take these few tributes from the CN postbag during the last 1000 weeks as representing the wide variety of its reading public in all parts of the world

I cannot abstain any longer from repeating what my husband and I so often expressed, grateful thanks towards you who week in and week out are exercising such a wonderful influence on the young people of our country. I always tell any of the mothers I address that there is at least one definite thing they can do for their children, and that is to provide them with the CN.

Ishbel, Marchioness of Aberdeen

Happy is the youth that has you for its leader.

John Clifford

I have just been reading your tribute to a friend in the CN. I must tell you how wonderful and exact it is. It will always be one of my treasures, and I shall read it whenever I need spiritual encouragement.

Lord Moynihan

I should like to add my tribute to the worldwide value of the CN.

Lord Radstock, 1929

The CN is a delight and a joy, as is every other imaginative and literary gift which comes from you to the English-speaking world.

Dr Ramsay Armitage, Dean of Christ Church Cathedral, Vancouver

I would like you to know how much I enjoy your CN, which I take in regularly and pass to a neighbour's suffering child (constantly in bed for weeks) who eagerly devours it.

Ida, Countess of Bradford

I would as soon be without a sack of flour in the house as without one of your papers.

R. Thom, Western Australia

The CN always fascinates me; it fills up all sorts of holes and corners in the structure of my much-neglected education.

Sir Ian Hamilton

You have all my admiration for your splendid work.

Sir Richard Gregory

The way you keep up the quality of that little paper is simply wonderful. Good luck, splendid little paper.

C. B. Fry

You are bringing home to a host of readers in all parts of the Empire the true values of life.

Chief Secretary, Salvation Army, Sydney

Yesterday I had lunch with one of our greatest educationists in Australia. He said that in his judgment your paper probably does more good for the rising generation, and is of greater value to the Empire generally, than any other publication in Europe.

George Fitzpatrick, Sydney

Although I am now 65 I remain a very active young man, and much of my vitality is due to the influence of the CN on my mind and spirit.

P. H. Nicholls, Adelaide

It is of that inspired thing the CN that one hopes such great things. I cannot see the girl who reads the CN developing into a weary, downtrodden, neurotic married woman, shut in her little house. Leonora Eyles in The Woman in the Little House

In the name of all those whose lives you have touched, whose thoughts you have raised to higher things, and whose hearts you have inspired to all that is good, I thank you; and God bless you.

A Postcard to the CN from someone unknown

I would that every child in the country could have a copy. Bishop of Croydon, 1920

The son of one of my colleagues on the LCC died suddenly in the playground clutching the CN tightly in his hand. I got this information on returning from a school, taking an old CN from my pocket and spreading it out on a wet seat on the top of a bus. No, said my colleague, I cannot use that paper for that; it was my boy's greatest delight.

LCC Inspector

The CN has been my constant companion in survey expeditions on the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, in touring trips to the Grand Canyon and the Niagara Falls, in the big-game country in wildest Africa, in the mining areas of Rhodesia, in the wild denuded parts of the Karroo, and in the 4000-foot depths of the Witwatersrand Mines, where I am working now. Under all these climes and conditions the little CN has been a lasting source of inspiration and encouragement which I would not have missed for all the gold in these mines.

W. F. Nortje, Brackpan, Transvaal

Here's to the Young Brigade

The Boys of the Young Brigade have grown into a mighty army in the thousand weeks of the CN. The Boy Scout was born in the same year as the C.E., mother of the CN, and this is one of the tributes paid to it in these columns long ago.

ONCE round a tuckshop window, hands in his pockets, he hung,
Or ran to a row round the corner, or ran from the bell he had rung,
Or gaped at a game of football, or chivied a harmless cat—
This king in a shirt and knickers, with his pole and his cowboy hat!
But a trumpet sang from the meadows, and the city rang with a shout,
And the boy leapt into his boyhood with the magical name of Scout;
Suddenly braced his body, suddenly found his soul,
And vaulted to Eldorado at the end of a hefty pole.

THERE came to him men of glory who spoke of a goodly game,
Who told of a life in the open and the pride of a gallant fame;
And he gave them his soul and body to discipline, shape, and train,
And they taught him the works of God and the use of a cockney brain.
From end to end of the kingdom, from shore to shore of the coast,
Strong in their steadied thousands uprises a martial host.
And the foe, when he comes, shall be rattled and riven and put to rout
By the flower of tomorrow's army—the lad who has learned to scout.

HERE'S to the youth of England, boys of the young brigade,
Who marched in their shirts and knickers, gallant and unafraid.
Glory to these young lions, whelps of the ancient breed,
Mustering brisk and radiant in the shadow of England's need.
Many a mighty hero who made our England great
Smiles from the field of heaven, blessing the Fifth Estate.
Here is the great assurance, here is the certain sign—
The heirs have claimed from the future their place in the nation's line.

HAROLD BEBBIE

SCHOLAR-PREMIER OF PORTUGAL

Dr Salazar and His Ten Years

DICTATOR WHO LOVES HIS PEOPLE

Very rarely in history has a scholar been a great ruler, but Portugal has provided history with an exception to the rule.

For the past ten years Portugal has been in the happy position of having balanced her budget, and the National Assembly has been doing honour to Dr Salazar, who has made it possible.

On the tenth anniversary of his appointment the National Assembly met and proclaimed that Dr Oliveira Salazar had deserved well of his nation, and the Corporative Chamber held a session for the same purpose. The doctor is so modest that he was present at neither meeting, thus proving that love of the limelight is not characteristic of all Dictatorship States.

A Good Motto

Dr Salazar was Professor of Economics at the University of Coimbra (which last year celebrated its fourth centenary) when he was asked in 1926 to become Minister of Finance. Portugal was then a much-troubled country, having endured 18 revolutions since the abolition of the monarchy in 1910. He filled the office for a brief period and then returned to his Chair, but in 1928 was recalled to Lisbon and has since been working for the improvement of Portugal, having now been Prime Minister for six years. His motto is said to be "to study in doubt, to realise in faith," and he has already realised many of his ideals. The currency is steady, the floating debt has been funded, roads have been constructed and schools built, and many other reforms have been carried through.

It is true that a Council of State has invested him with practically the powers of a Dictator, but Portugal today is a much more prosperous country than it has been for nearly a century. One Dictator at least there is who rules by love rather than by fear.

Puzzle, Find the Boy

We have heard of some bad boys, but this one is much too bad (and his parents much too unkind).

He is a three-year-old boy in Berlin who found himself locked into the room of a flat on the fourth floor while his parents went out.

He set to work to show his disapproval by throwing out of the window into the street everything portable on which he could lay his hands—boots, papers, books, toys, saucepans, crockery.

This steady rain on the heads of pedestrians down below was sufficiently alarming, and the police were informed, promptly calling out the ever-ready fire brigade. A fire-escape was put up to the window and the door was forced, but the boy was not to be seen. At last a search revealed that he had become frightened and had crept into a coalbin.

A Little Tale From Turin

A good merchant of Turin, runs a tale told in The Times, left last year in his will a sum of money to be distributed among the "poorest and unhappiest men" in the prison of his native town.

It seems that once in his youth he was in prison for a small offence; hence his special interest in prisoners.

But when he died his native town was so virtuous that its prisons were empty, and upon this the dead man's heirs claimed the money. The claim was disputed by two men who had been released from the prison a day before the merchant's death, and so the case has been carried to the courts.

A LAST WORD ON THE GREAT WAR

What the King Told the Kaiser

GERMANY KNEW WE SHOULD FIGHT

A last word has been spoken. The completed collection of British Documents on the Origins of the War speaks for itself.

The assembly and editing of these documents has taken Dr G. P. Goöch and Professor Harold Temperley fourteen years. They cover the 16 years before the war, and fill eleven packed volumes.

Mr Ramsay MacDonald authorised their publication, and Sir Austen Chamberlain gave help without which the efforts of any compilers would have been in vain, and these volumes sweep away the veil of all secret diplomacy and lay before the world without fear or favour all that brought about the war. At the beginning of the sixteen years under review Great Britain had (in 1898) abandoned her policy of splendid isolation. All the secrets of British policy after that till the war broke out are here plainly set forth.

An Impartial Statement

This is the only complete collection the world has yet seen. It comprises all the known German documents, the Austrian, the French, the Russian, as well as our own. Only the Italian documents have not yet been published.

The tale is a long one, and only the student and the historian may attempt to read it all; but any who do so will find the problems, the uncertainties, the hopes and fears, the ambitions, the provocations, which at last plunged Europe and the world into war, stated with malice towards none, with the benefit of the doubt towards all.

Here we can see what the Germans meant by encirclement, and how they stirred uneasily at Sir Edward Grey's anxiety to preserve the Balance of Power in Europe. We perceive how and why the French wanted our backing, and why we reserved our action because of doubts about Russia and the Russian alliance. A score of other delicate situations are analysed.

But the last word, which is most weighty, is that said about the British determination to go to the assistance of France and Russia if Germany and Austria went to war with them.

The King's Letter

It has been said over and over again that Sir Edward Grey failed to make this clear to Germany, and that if he had done so in unmistakable terms Germany would not have taken the last fatal step.

It is not true. In the last volume of the documents a letter is published which King George the Fifth wrote to Sir Edward Grey. It is dated December 8, 1912, and it runs like this:

My dear Grey,

Prince Henry of Prussia paid me a short visit three days ago. In the course of a long conversation with regard to the present European situation he asked me point blank whether, in the event of Germany and Austria going to war with Russia and France, England would come to the assistance of the two latter Powers. I answered undoubtedly yes, under certain circumstances. He professed surprise and regret, but did not ask what the certain circumstances were. He said he would tell the Emperor what I had told him.

Of course Germany must know that we could not allow either of our friends to be crippled. I think it is only right you should know what passed between me and the Emperor's brother on this point.

Very sincerely yours,

George R.I.

So, two years before the war, the German Emperor knew that England would come in.

An Island's Dream Comes True

The Lord Howe Islander's dream is coming true; the island is to have a cottage hospital.

Lord Howe Island lies in the Pacific about 300 miles off New South Wales. For years the islanders were handicapped by having no doctor (though they have one now), and when anyone fell ill advice had to be sent by wireless. So desperate became one case a few years ago that a ship had to be signalled and the ship's doctor landed in the dark, bringing with him medical supplies, instruments, and a table on which to operate.

A year or so ago a sad tragedy befell the little island, when Gower Wilson and five other men were drowned in an attempt to sail between the mainland and Lord Howe Island. As a memorial to Gower Wilson the islanders are to build a hospital.

No longer will this little isle, often encircled by such fierce surf that no ship can anchor offshore, need to worry about sickness; the memory of a sorrowful tragedy has brought it this relief.

50 Years Ago in the Shops

We read much ignorant criticism now and then by those who cannot buy just what they want just when they want it, and we are told that it is all because of some petty regulation made in the war. It is not so.

The hours of shopkeepers are determined by Act of Parliament, not by any regulation, and it is right that it should be so. We do progress, let the pessimists say what they may. Posterity honours Lord Avebury for securing Bank Holidays; we forget how he was thwarted and baffled in doing it.

It is 50 years this month since he introduced a Bill into Parliament making it compulsory to close most shops at eight o'clock five nights a week and at ten on Saturdays, and empowering local authorities, where they thought it desirable, to impose a weekly half holiday. The Bill was defeated by 278 votes to 95.

So we see how great the struggle has been for what we now consider the commonest of human rights.

An Ark For the Shipwrights

A beautiful oak and silver model of the Ark has been presented to the Company of Shipwrights by Sir Charles Barrie, M.P., to commemorate the year when he held office as Second Master of the Fraternity. As the motto of the Company is "Within the Ark Safe For Ever," the gift is most appropriate.

Mr Omar Ramsden, one of our famous craftsmen, designed and made this handsome present. The upper part is wrought from old oak taken from Nelson's Victory about 58 years ago, and is made to hold a box of cigars. A symbolical dove and an olive branch are part of the decoration of the oak, which is mounted in wrought and chiselled silver. Silver binds the keel and gunwales of the boat, which is made of rosewood, and the ark sails on a billowy sea of green wood.

The Hand Loom

In these days of so much machine produced articles it is good to hear of the success of things produced by hand.

Twelve years ago two Yorkshire women took over an old cottage at Killinghall, Yorkshire, to revive the old handloom industry. The venture has proved a great success, and now they have quite a few girls producing beautiful hand-woven cloth.

Printed in Red

Cheshire County Council is to print, in red, on all motor licences the number of people killed and injured on the roads in the previous year.

LATEST NEWS OF A SCOUT

How to See Life

We were on the majestic heights above Kynance Cove last autumn when a Scout passed by with his pack on his back, and we shared a sandwich with him. This is our latest news of him, coming from Corinth in Greece.

After leaving you on that memorable day in Cornwall I went on walking until I reached Dartmouth in Devonshire again. By that time it was late September, the weather had broken up and was cold and wet, so I decided to emulate the swallows and fly southwards.

From Boulogne I walked and rode through France until I reached the Mediterranean near Marseilles, then followed the coast round into Italy (Genoa, Pisa, Florence, Rome, Naples, Capri), and so over the wild southern mountains to Brindisi, where I took a small Greek steamer to Piraeus. By that time it was December, so, deciding it was not the time to see Greece, I left for Egypt.

It was a glorious trip, and at dawn I had my first sight of the African coast at Alexandria. In Egypt, of course, everything was queer and strange to me, but I enjoyed it immensely. After spending an interesting time in Cairo I went on to Upper Egypt (Luxor and Aswan), then returned to Alexandria, and after a rough and uncomfortable passage reached this country, which I find one of the most beautiful I have seen. The Greek people are very hospitable.

From here I intend to go north through Yugo-Slavia, Austria, and Switzerland, and so back to England.

A Broken Journey

Say not good-night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me good-morning.

Sad was the journey's end of Michael Zuk, a three-year-old emigrant from Poland, and his baby sister Marie.

The two were on their way with their father and mother to South America, where a new life and better times were to be sought in a brighter clime. But when their ship stopped at Gravesend, where they were to be transhipped to a South American vessel, the voyage ended for little Michael and Marie, for they had been seized with measles, and had closed their eyes for ever on the bright day.

The grief of their parents can be well imagined; the enterprise begun so hopefully could never be the same again. But they must go on. Their emigrant ship could not wait. So their last thought of England was that of their children left behind in a foreign land, buried in a grave they could not stand beside, and may never see.

But on the grave rested one wreath, sent by the Royal Mail Line. Even in an alien land it seemed that the poor little waifs found a mourner and a friend.

The Need For a Better World

Mr Roosevelt has been broadcasting a message to the 21 Republics of North and South America, and we take this from it.

As we regard the world scene today we cannot but be impressed by the need for a joint effort in constructing a new and better world order.

Cooperation in the solution of economic problems offers one of the practical approaches to the task which the world must undertake.

There is a general and growing realisation that no nation or group of nations can enjoy prosperity and plenty when a large part of the world is in economic distress.

The Government of the United States is pledged to the course of international economic cooperation and will spare no effort in loyally continuing upon that course.

AN ADMIRAL ON THE DRUNKEN DRIVER

Take His Car Away

There was an interesting witness the other day before the Select Committee of the House of Lords which is inquiring into the prevention of accidents.

Admiral Borrett gave evidence for the Company of Veteran Motorists, which has 34,000 members. It proposes to ask these members to display safety posters on their cars during Whitsun Week. One of the things the organisation is gravely concerned with is the question of the drinking driver. They look with the utmost horror, said the Admiral, on this sort of motorist, and would recognise no mitigating circumstances in such cases.

The law as it stood was probably strong enough to deal with drunken drivers, but the administrators of it did not take the extreme view that his organisation did. He would not only take away such a driver's licence but would take away his car. It was impossible to do anything too drastic to discourage drunken drivers.

The Little More For the Old Folk

Some time ago a warm-hearted man threw up his job as head of the furniture department of a London store and with his savings took a house in Dunmow.

There he provided a home for six old people, and was able to give them all the things they could not afford from their old-age pension. A friend gave him the furniture, and other helpers included Queen Mary, who gave him £5.

Quite recently he has been able to take a large house in Berkshire and provide accommodation for 15 old men.

SCHOOL BROADCASTS

On Monday next Mr C. F. Lawrance will deal with making a rock garden, and he will tell us the various types of plant which are the best to grow.

Friday's talk to Sixth Forms will explain some of the problems which beset the South African Government, such as that of the native protectorates.

England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 Rock Gardens: by C. F. Lawrance.

TUESDAY, 11.25 An Empire Day Talk—Our Commonwealth of Nations: by Sir Frederick Whyte. 2.5 Birds of the River: by C. C. Gaddum. 2.30 Words that Shout and Words that Whisper: by J. W. Marriott. 3.0 Concert Lessons—Pictorial Music: by Thomas Armstrong.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 World History—The Oregon Trail: by Rhoda Power. 2.30 Biology in the Service of Man—Thoughts and Reflexes: by H. Munro Fox.

THURSDAY, 11.25 Germany at Play: by Vincent Alford. 2.5 Our Village—The Roads. 2.30 The Conquest of Disease: by Amabel Williams Ellis.

FRIDAY, 2.5 Playgrounds of Central Europe: by Alice Garnett. 2.30 Feature Programme—Russians at the Pole. 2.55 A Story of King Arthur (for dramatisation). 3.15 Next Week's Broadcast Music: by Scott Goddard. 3.35 Native Policy in Africa: by Margery Perham.

Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.30 Speech Training for Seniors: by Anne H. McAllister.

TUESDAY, 11.0 Speech Training for Juniors (Jean's Vowel): by Anne H. McAllister. 2.5 The Farms of Scotland—Shearing and Shepherding: by W. G. Ogg. 2.30 As National.

WEDNESDAY, 2.30 The Master Naturalist: by A. D. Peacock. 3.0 Sea Shanties: arranged and presented by Herbert Wiseman. THURSDAY, 2.5 Music—Steps and Jumps: by Herbert Wiseman. 2.40 The Life Story of the Frog: by C. H. O'Donoghue. 3.5 Scottish History—Steam on Land and Sea: by H. Hamilton.

FRIDAY, 2.5 Trade and Industries of Europe (Whirring Wheels): by T. Pettigrew Young. 2.55 A Scottish Border Legend.

THE RAVEN THAT LEFT NOAH'S ARK

Corvus the Crow

By the C N Astronomer

There may now be seen in the southern sky a striking constellation which links us with the story of the Great Flood of Noah.

This is Corvus the Crow, or more correctly the Raven, as it was more anciently known. It will be easily recognised with the aid of our star-map and found a little way to the right of due south as soon as the sky is dark, the bright star Spica being to the left at a slightly higher altitude.

For at least four thousand years these stars have represented a Raven, and, curiously enough, from its earliest representations, as on the Roman star-chart of Geruvigius, the Raven is perched on the back of the sea-serpent Hydra.

Its back is turned toward the Ark, Argo, from which it has apparently flown. We thus get a very singular pictorial rendering, handed down through the ages by the stars, of the Chaldean tradition and Bible story of Noah's raven, which on leaving the Ark could find no dry land on which to rest, the back of Hydra apparently being the only thing available. This constellation of Hydra, which now in the evening extends across most of the southern heavens, is of great antiquity and is always associated with Corvus.

The stars will doubtless continue to record this strange incident of the Raven perching on the Sea-Serpent for many thousands of years to come, for Time appears to us to operate very slowly in transforming the heavens. It will be extra long in separating the stars of Corvus because all are speeding through space in a very similar direction, toward the right or west, as seen from our point of view. The arrows in the star-map show the direction in which each star is travelling, and the length of the arrows the angular distance each star will have travelled in 50,000 years.

Order in the Heavens

While these stars and many more apparently near them thus exhibit clear evidence of star-streaming toward the west, we must remember that enormous distances actually separate them. Thus we find that no matter how vast these are there is an orderly arrangement under controlling forces as part of a still more colossal scheme of things. The stars are not spread anyhow through the heavens as a casual glance up at them might suggest.

The nearest of the Corvus group is Alpha, being but 62 light-years distant, that is about four million times farther away than our Sun. The next is Eta, at a distance of 80 light-years. Delta, about 100 light-years away, is composed of two great stars, visible through a small telescope, the larger being of a golden hue and radiating nearly fifty times more light than our Sun, the smaller sun, of a lilac tint, probably revolving round the other. Beta, at a distance of 121 light-years, and Epsilon, at 142 light-years, are two immense stars which individually radiate between 80 and 90 times more light than our Sun, while Gamma appears to be the giant of the family, radiating about 120 times more light from a distance of 136 light-years. G. F. M.

Our commercial air services now fly about 150 million miles a year.

About 400 schools in Berlin are now provided with wireless sets.

FIRST PRESIDENT OF AULD IRELAND

Dr Douglas Hyde

When they do agree, their unanimity is wonderful.

Sheridan's Critic

Dr Douglas Hyde stepped into a place in history as first President of Eire with less ceremony and in a shorter time than any president of any country before.

Both parties of the Dublin Parliament (Fianna Fail supporting Mr De Valera and Cumann na Gaedhael supporting Mr Cosgrave) supported Dr Hyde, so he became President Hyde in less than three minutes after his nomination papers had been presented to the Dail.

The Returning Officer declared that there was no other candidate so Dr Hyde was elected, and President Hyde (speaking, like the Returning Officer, in Gaelic) said, "I accept the honour willingly but humbly, and in the future I will do my best."

Nothing could be better, and nothing fairer, and it is a mark of the general unanimity that in a country where the Roman Catholics are in a majority President Hyde is a Protestant.

He sets out on a new career with everything in his favour. Hands have been shaken across the sea, and we hope that Old Ireland is well on the way to become a New Ireland, or, if she prefers it, we hope New Eire is setting out on a new era.

What's in a name when the will to do well by the neighbours is there?

Competition Result

In Competition Number 51 the two best-written correct entries were sent by Jerrold Day, 60 Bexley Lane, Crayford; and Bernard Wilkes, 8 Murray Street, Preston. A prize of 10s has been sent to each of these readers. The 25 prizes of half-a-crown were awarded to the following:

Alan Ashworth, Crieff, Perthshire; Margaret Atherley, Birmingham; C. R. Birks, Birmingham; Pamela Brewer, Hitchin; Florence Champion, Grays; Pauline W. Clark, Ilford; Michael G. Emsley, Bedford; Betty S. Ferrier, Hoxley; Joyce French, London, S.E. 11; Brian Gower, Tonbridge; Daphne Jackson, Ealing; Helen Lacey, Finchley; Audrey M. Price, Luton; Susan Price, Lee-on-Solent; Irene Rich, Leyton, E.10; Pamela D. Richards, Wimbledon; Sidney F. Ruse, Southend; Olive M. Salinger, New Etnam; John Sanderson, Penrith; Christine Saunders, Maidstone; Roger Thomas, Birmingham; Betty Wakefield, Wembley Park; Deirdre Warwick, London, W.14; Mair Williams, Aberdare; Helen Wingrave, Southend.

Those prizewinners whose names are marked with an asterisk have obtained new readers and are awarded half-a-crown in addition to the prize.

The correct answers were:

Carpenter—plane; gardener—trowel; haymaker—fork; house painter—brush; laundrywoman—basket; musician—bow; navy—pickaxe; road-sweeper—broom; schoolmaster—case; shopkeeper—scales; window-cleaner—ladder.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C N of May 1913

England as a Mother. It is characteristic of savages, as they advance towards civilisation, that they should feel like children compared with white men. Some years ago a number of an African race, representing the Swazis, came to England, and went to see Queen Victoria, taking with them the son of their highest chief. Addressing the Queen through an interpreter, the spokesman made a speech which was quite seriously meant, but sounded very amusing to the listeners.

"We come, O great mother," he said, "to bring to you our babe. Take him, O mother, to thy knees; fold him to thy breast."

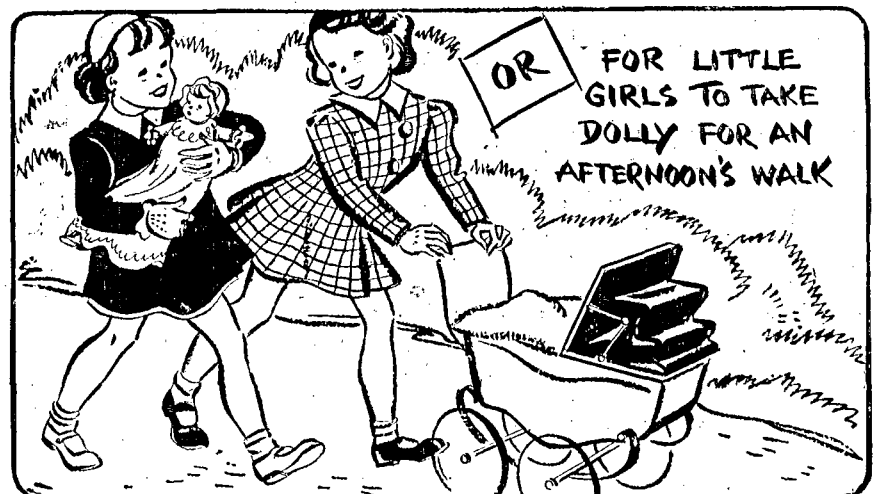
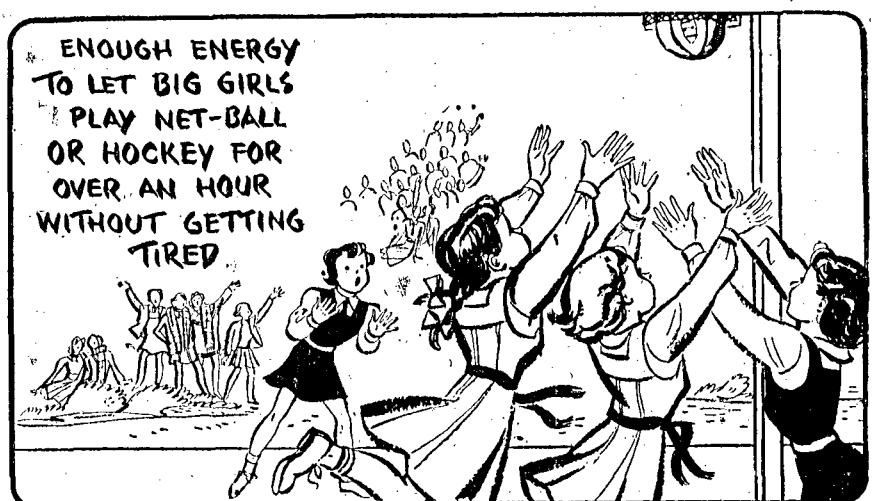
The Queen was quite startled at the idea of such a thing, and looked round wonderingly. "Where is the child? I don't see him. Where is he?" she said.

"Here, O mother," said the Swazi speaker gravely. "He is here." And, so saying, he led forth a big black man, six feet high, and enormously broad and strong. This was their babe.

Do you know

WHAT THE ENERGY IN CADBURYS MILK CHOCOLATE WOULD DO TO YOU?

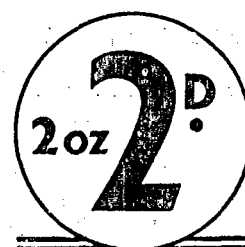
Try it and see! There's an amazing amount of energy waiting for you in every 2d. block



YOUR MOTHER KNOWS how much energy and nourishment there is for you in Cadburys Milk Chocolate. (There's a glass and a half of milk in every half-pound block.) And you know that you like it. So when you buy Cadburys you are treating yourself to the most delicious and popular two-pennyworth in England, and getting as well a new store of energy to help you in work and play.

CADBURYS

MILK CHOCOLATE



Also in ¼ lb. and ½ lb. blocks

Complete in Two Parts

ON SECRET SERVICE

By John Mowbray

The New Squire

CHAPTER 1
Wild-Goose Chase

HAD David ever heard of Castle Shamrock? With a shake of the head, David replied that it sounded as if it ought to be in Ireland. His uncle, Sir Richard Wakeling, head of counter-espionage in the British Secret Service, remarked that he couldn't help where Castle Shamrock ought or ought not to be, but that actually it was miles away from everywhere, near the bottom of Yorkshire. Its discovery, he suggested, would nicely employ David.

"Oh, it isn't a castle then?" David said.

"Not it. It's a small, remote village."

"They were talking behind Sir Richard's locked door in Whitehall."

"Did I ever speak to you of a man called Spinassi?" Sir Richard went on.

"Spinassi? No, sir," said David.

"Have you heard me mention Peletier?"

"No, sir," David replied again.

But when he proceeded Sir Richard's thoughts seemed to have wandered. "You know," he said musingly, "I ask myself sometimes, David, whether you appreciate the good work you have done for our country? That doesn't mean that I'd like you puffed up. It only means that when you are sent into danger I should like you to take with you the knowledge that you are serving your country as gallantly as any soldier, and as bravely."

Sir Richard paused, with pursed lips.

"Well, cling to a good idea of yourself, David, and if you're in for a disappointment don't feel depressed."

Then Sir Richard took a newspaper out of his drawer. "This is three months old," he remarked. "It's a local production, with a paragraph, which I've marked, about Castle Shamrock. There! See for yourself!" He passed the paper over.

There were only four or five lines. When David had read them, "All it says," he remarked, "is that a Mr Tarvy, just home from Australia, has bought the old Manor House there that's stood empty for ages."

"Yes, that's all it says, David."

"Mr Tarvy must be a rich man, sir."

"One would suppose so."

"Would you say that he'd made his money out of sheep-farming in Australia?"

"Would you?" said Sir Richard dryly.

"I don't know, David. It occurs to you, I suppose, that I'd like to know."

"Yes, sir," smiled David, who had divined what was coming. "You've been sitting on this paragraph, sir, for three months."

"In order to give friend Tarvy time to turn round. To give him time to find his feet and feel nicely at home."

David nodded, expectantly.

Then Sir Richard felt for his keys and went to his safe, returning with a blurred photograph, which he showed David.

"Take a look at that," he uttered.

"I'll tell you its story. It was snapped on board ship some years ago, by one of my men, of a very dangerous international agent who was passing under the name of Spinassi, in those days. My man posted it to me from the next port they touched at, but I was never able to get it identified further."

"Oh, why, sir?" David exclaimed.

"Because Spinassi must have discovered that he had been snapped, so went to earth altogether by changing his name."

David betrayed surprise. "But surely," he ventured, "our man who snapped him could have tracked him down under his new name?"

"No doubt. But he hadn't the chance, David."

"But why, sir?" stared David.

"Because my man was lost one dark night before the ship docked. He was reported to have fallen overboard," Sir Richard said gravely.

David looked again at the snapshot which had cost a man's life. "Do you wish me to take this with me, Sir Richard?" he said.

"I do. But keep it out of sight, next to your skin. We don't want any 'accidents' in Castle Shamrock."

David paused. "Sir, you mentioned a man called Peletier?"

"Did I?" acquiesced Sir Richard, and frowned.

"Well, we'll leave him at that, for I'm fishing too much in the dark, David. When Spinassi rechristened himself did he turn into Peletier? Has Peletier turned into a wealthy squatter from Australia? I confess I don't know. It

is you who have to set out in search of the answer. But don't let my suspicions predispose you. Take an open mind to your job. Keep an open mind on it."

"So in this case, sir, you think I may be on a wild-goose chase?"

"Perhaps," said Sir Richard. "Well, good-bye. And good luck to you!"

CHAPTER 2

Taking the Bull By the Horns

ALL Castle Shamrock was singing the praises of its new squire. On the green, when the villagers gathered to gossip at sundown, they told one another astonishing tales of his wealth. At the one little inn, with its tiny guest-room, where a youth of a careless expression and resolute stride had arrived, mine host's honest head was full of the Australian's doings.

"Not," John Burden remarked, while chatting with David, "that Mr Tarvy hasn't finished now with Australia. He's come to spend the rest of his life among us and to put us back on the map, as he calls it. It's nobbut a place like this wants, he says, but an attraction."

"What kind of attraction?"

"He's laying out golf links. He says there's many a popular pleasure resort in this country that was rarely heard of before it started a golf course. And ours, he says, shall be a championship course, what means that all the nobbs will come down to play here."

"Then you'll have to turn your inn into a fashionable hotel, Mr Burden!"

"Aye! And squire says he'll find me the money for that."

"But what made him pick on Castle Shamrock?" said David.

"He says our air suits him. And as he can't ever rest idle he may as well get busy, he says, for our benefit."

"Has he started his links?"

"Aye! And he's getting ahead with them fast. Almost night and day, you might say, he has got his men working."

"Oh, the villagers?"

"Nay, nay! He's brought along labourers who're accustomed to lay out links, he says."

Next morning David encountered Tarvy himself. A bluff, burly man in a Norfolk

jacket and plus-fours, he came striding across the green to inquire for Burden, and when he had finished his business with that honest fellow his eye fell on David.

"Halloa! Halloa! And who have we here?" he said jovially. "This is a nice time for a youngster like you to be breakfasting! By this time of day, when I was your age, my lad, I lay I'd have ridden a dozen miles after my sheep!"

He was speaking already as though he owned the whole village.

David, who had jumped to his feet, answered pleasantly. "The air here is so strong," he replied, "that one sleeps on and on."

"That's not the way to grow rich, laddie. What are you doing here?"

David's mind had flown to a certain snapshot. If one could be said to know a photograph by heart then certainly he had learned that snapshot by heart. But was there a likeness? Or were the features too blurred to provide real comparison? Looking this man in the face for the very first time, there was nothing he could recognise straight away.

"I suppose, sir," he exclaimed, resuming his seat, "that you are the gentleman who's building the golf links? I should like to walk over them."

He was taking his bull by the horns.

The big man smiled broadly. "Of course! So you shall, laddie! I have to keep these yokels away while the work's going on or they'd get in our road too much. But you're no rustic. You've come from London, you said?"

"I didn't. But I do, sir," David said, laughing.

"Splendid!" Mr Tarvy had seemed in a hurry, but now he pulled out a chair and lighted a pipe. "I wonder," he said, as he tossed the match into the grate, "what brings a youngster like you all this way from London? Is Castle Shamrock becoming famous already?"

His tone was casual, but his eyes were intent as he brought them round and fastened them upon David.

"I haven't visited Yorkshire before," David told him.

"Any business here?"

"I look rather young, sir, for business."

"Exactly. You are on a walking tour, are you?"

"Nowadays we call that hiking," said David. "I suppose when you went to Australia—"

"So Burden's been telling you that I hail from Australia?"

JACKO GOES EXPLORING

JACKO and Chimp were playing football in the garden. The boys had been to see the Monkeyville Cup Final and could think of nothing else.

"Goal!" shouted Jacko joyfully, as he kicked the ball clean past Chimp.

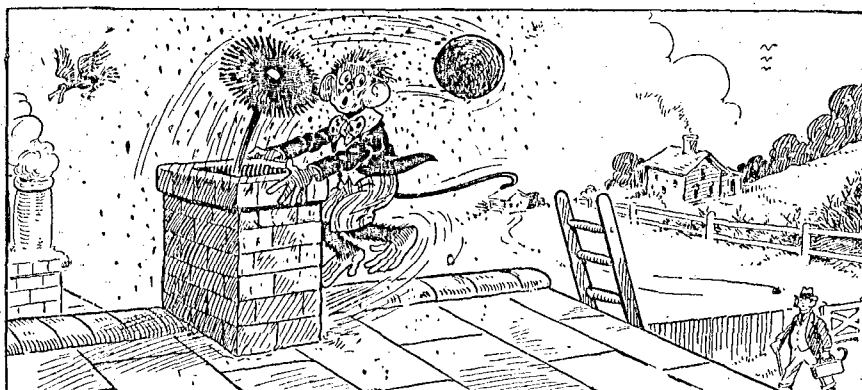
"That's three I've scored," he added triumphantly.

Suddenly the garden gate creaked, and Mr Sootie, the chimney-sweep, entered.

With that he vanished into the house. Soon he came out again with a glum look on his face.

"I can't see it," he said, "but I'll climb up on to the roof and look down the chimney. It may have got stuck."

He went over to the tool-shed and came out again with a ladder, which he put against the wall, and then he climbed on to the roof.



The soot came out in a shower and nearly choked him

He gave the boys a cheery grin as he passed into the house with his bundle of brushes tucked under his arm.

For a few minutes they played on, and then Jacko gave the ball an extra hard kick. The ball soared high into the air and to the boys' horror fell right into one of the chimney-pots.

"Now we've lost it," said Chimp.

"Oh, no, we haven't," replied Jacko.

"I've got an idea that it's fallen into the parlour fireplace."

When he got to the chimney down which the ball had fallen he put his hands on the top and dragged himself up to the opening.

It was very dark and dirty inside, and he couldn't see anything.

Suddenly he heard a peculiar scraping noise, and before you could say Knife! the ball shot up into the air.

The sweep's brush followed. And so did the soot, which came out in a great shower and nearly choked him!

David nodded, and finished his coffee. "Yes, yes, that's all right—Burden's right," Mr Tarvy repeated. "Ever since I was a nipper I've lived in Australia." He rose and looked David over. "Well," he resumed, "I'll take you round the links myself, if you like. Will this time tomorrow suit you?"

"If it's not too much trouble, sir?"

"No, no! A pleasure."

The man marched out of the room and went down the passage. He had finished his business with Burden, David believed. So why had he turned down the passage instead of straight out through the front door? He had gone for another word with Burden, of course. About what? To ask a few questions about the inn's visitor?

CHAPTER 3

Trip By Starlight

HAD Mr Tarvy detected the shadowy figure which was making its way to the links after dark that same evening he might have considered his Londoner sadly impatient. Or possibly his thoughts might have run more unpleasantly.

As long as he kept the wash of the sea in his ears he knew he would come upon the links presently. So much he had learned by an offhand question when he and Burden had discussed the subject last night. There was starlight to do the rest for him.

But this was queer! For here was the course; you could tell that by the workmen's silent sheds and their overturned wheelbarrows. Yet queer; because, when the moon came up it was evident that hillock after hillock had been levelled flat and sand-dunes cleared away wholesale. Very queer that, for a golf course, David reflected. You'd have thought its architect would have taken advantage of all those splendid natural bunkers and hazards! But so far as he could see, and he couldn't see all, of course, it began to look as if the Australian philanthropist was deliberately destroying all Nature's assistance!

However, David bore Sir Richard's warning in mind. He must not, he remembered, be predisposed to suspicion. And after all what did he himself know about golf? Not enough at any rate to lay out a golf course.

So probably Mr Tarvy knew what he was doing.

"Oh, he knows what he's doing all right!" David's dourness retorted.

In the morning when the Australian squatter arrived he apologised for business that took him to Ripon. "So I can't have the pleasure of showing you round," he deplored. "But ask for my foreman. He'll place himself at your service. Let's see? What name is it? I don't think you told me?" The man had a visiting card between thumb and fingers.

"My name is David Renwick."

"David Renwick," Tarvy repeated the name, then scribbled it on his card. "There! Give that to the foreman. He'll see to you; Mr Renwick. Are you any relation, by the way, of the Renwicks of Newport?"

They are very old friends of mine. I'd rejoice to oblige them."

"I'm afraid not," smiled David.

"Oh, then you're a genuine Cockney?"

"No, my family comes from Scotland."

"But you live in London? You're at school still, no doubt?"

"No, I've left school," said David, smiling again.

"Left school, eh! A young gentleman of private means, eh? Well, well! The world has changed a lot since I was a youngster! In my day laddies of your age were buckling down to work. The man was laughing in his bluff, breezy style. 'Never mind! Off you trot to my foreman. He'll see you through!'"

David thanked him. "And I say, Mr Tarvy!" he uttered. "You ought to get topping links on those dunes with their natural obstructions!"

"Eh?" said Tarvy quickly. "What do you mean?"

"You've such a heap of natural hazards and bunkers!"

"Oh, those!" scoffed Tarvy. "No, I shall construct my own bunkers."

And off he went, and back went David to his reflections. The fellow had asked what he meant by "natural obstructions." Was that in ignorance of a golf links lay-out? Or was it in a momentary flash of alarm?

David shrugged his shoulders, and, slipping the card into his pocket, he went to find the foreman, as he'd been told. On his way it occurred to him that his Australian squatter had more reasons than one for ascertaining his name. Yes, but probably he'd got that from Burden already. Did he wish to make sure? Or was this card sent to the foreman that he should make no mistake as to the visitor's identity?

TO BE CONTINUED

SLUGGISHNESS Can Be Conquered

Yes, even the most stubborn case of constipation will yield to the right treatment—but it is useless to have recourse to violent purgatives which only achieve their object by "shock" methods. These weaken the whole system and, apart from the obvious danger involved in their continued use, invariably aggravate the trouble by their "binding" effect.

What is needed is a systematic course of a mild antacid laxative; 'Milk of Magnesia' is admirable for this purpose. It never occasions the slightest discomfort; its mild action cannot possibly cause strain to the most delicate. It is definitely not habit-forming. In addition to its mild laxative properties it has the most beneficial effect on the entire digestive tract. In remedying indigestion it removes the very cause of constipation.

Get a bottle of 'Milk of Magnesia' from your chemist today. Take it regularly for a week, adjusting the dose as directed to your needs. You will be delighted with the all-round improvement in your health and well being. Thereafter an occasional dose, say at intervals of a week, will provide all the prompting that your system needs. Once you have tried this gentle, safe relief, that doctors so strongly recommend, you will never use anything else. Be sure to get 'Milk of Magnesia,' which is the trade-mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia. Of all chemists. Prices 1/3 and 2/6. The large size contains three times the quantity of the small.

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STAMPS ALBUMS-OUTFITS
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THOMAS CLIFFE-RHYL

SEND YOUR MITE FOR OUR MITES!

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—the first Hospital of its kind to be founded in Europe—was established in 1903 for the treatment of the diseases and disorders of nutrition. There are now 100 cots; accommodation for seven Nursing Mothers; an Out-patient Department; X-Ray; Artificial Sunlight and Massage Departments; a Research Laboratory; a Lecture Theatre; and a Milk Laboratory. The work carried on in the wards is supplemented by the Convalescent Home at Burnham, Bucks, with eighteen cots.

THE HOSPITAL IS ENTIRELY DEPENDENT UPON VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS FOR ITS MAINTENANCE. FUNDS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED.

President:
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

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16,000 poor children

will be given a day in the country, or by the sea, this coming summer—if funds permit. Will you please help to make this possible? The cost is 2/- each. R.S.V.P. to THE REV. PERCY INESON, Supt., **East End Mission**, Central Hall, Bromley St., Commercial Rd., Stepney, E.1.

There are many parents

In the back streets and slums of East Central London who cannot possibly afford to pay for the holidays their children so sorely need.

Will you please help to meet the cost? For 20s. we can send a boy or girl into the country or away to the seaside for a whole fortnight.

Donations will be gratefully received and acknowledged by William Wilkes, Secretary,

Field Lane Institution
(FOUNDED 1841),
Vine Street, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

YOU WHO KNOW THE CN...

... need not be told that it is a paper which deals with all the news that *really* matters ... that the sensational and the sordid have no place in its pages ... that the boy or girl, or the man or woman, who reads the CN regularly stands out above the crowd as well-informed concerning the affairs of the world today.

KNOWING this, would you not wish to introduce the paper to a good friend? Please pass this copy on when you have finished with it and show your friend the Order Form below, which should be filled in and handed to a newsagent.

ORDER FORM

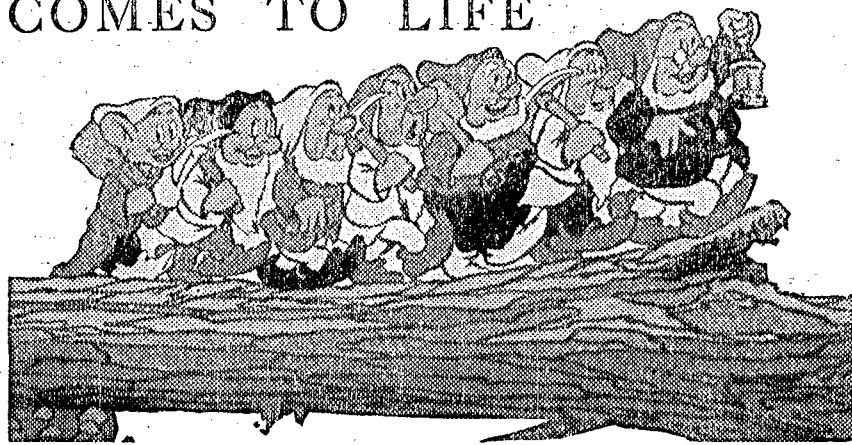
To Newsagent
Please deliver THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER every Thursday until further notice to the following address:

Date Signature

If no newsagent is available the CN can be delivered at any address in the world for 11s a year. Please send a cheque or postal order to the Amalgamated Press, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

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endless fascination, easy to play with cards that in themselves are a constant joy to handle.

It can be played by two or more players. Each pack contains cards and full book of rules. "SNOW WHITE" is for all the family. Everyone who loves the seven dwarfs, Dopey, Grumpy, Doc, Happy, Sneezy, Sleepy and Bashful, and all the other delightful characters in the film, will love it. Make sure of a pack today.



Pepys
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Every good Stationer and Store sells "Snow White." Published by Castell Bros., Ltd., London and Glasgow.

By permission Walt Disney-Mickey Mouse, Ltd.

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

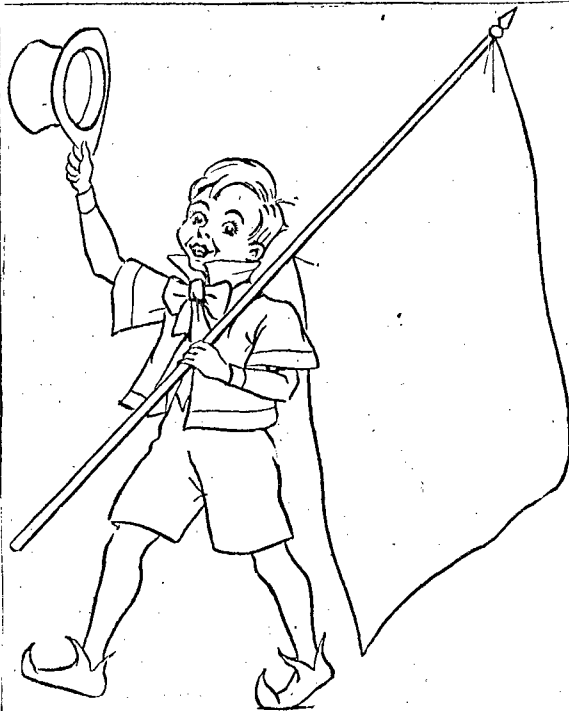
May 21, 1938

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

PAINT PETER PUCK AND HIS FLAG

Two Prizes of 10s and 25 Half-Crowns for Colouring this Picture



PETER PUCK thinks that the thousandth number of the CN calls for a little flag-wagging. So here he is on the back page, offering numerous money awards to girls and boys of 15 and under who will colour his picture and paint the Union Jack for him.

Two prizes of ten shillings and 25 half-crowns will be awarded to senders of the best attempts. Paste your picture on a postcard and colour it with paints or crayons, add your name, address, and age, and send it to CN Competition No 53, 1 Tallis House, London, E.C.4 (Comp), to arrive not later than first post on Thursday, May 26.

There is no entry fee, and all will have equal chances of winning, for allowance will be made for age. The Editor's decision is final.

EARN AN EXTRA HALF-CROWN

If you are a prizewinner and your entry bears the name and address of a friend who is not already a reader and who promises to take the CN for a month, 2s 6d will be awarded in addition to the prize.

Five-Minute Story

A Seashore Surprise

JOHN and Betty were spending their holidays with their grannie who lived in Ireland on an island.

Her house was very small and had a thatched roof, with a hole in it for a chimney. The peat fire was in the middle of the floor and the floor was made of clay. Every day John and Betty fetched a pailful of silver sand from the shore and sprinkled it over the floor after Grannie had swept it up clean. It was like living on the seashore.

Every morning they played on the big shore digging for cockles and paddling in the beautiful, clear green water.

One day Betty cried, "Let's gather seaweed, John, and see how many different kinds we can find."

"Yes," cried John. And presently he said: "Look at this one! It's like a strap."

Betty laughed and cried, "But look at this one. It's like a piece of green silk."

By the time they had reached the fishermen's huts they had a large basketful of seaweeds. They carried them to the cottage and Grannie told them the names.

"This is carrageen," she said, taking up some in her hand. "One day I'll make a pudding with it."

John and Betty turned up their noses and looked doubtfully at one another.

"I don't think I'd like it," ventured John.

"Just you wait and see," replied Grannie quietly.

To their amazement she spread the carrageen on the grass, and left it there lying in the sun.

Next day they were surprised to see that the seaweed had changed to a purplish red colour, and the next day they were even more surprised to see that it had turned white.

"Now it is ready," said Grannie. "I shall cook it for dinner."

By and by they all sat down at the little white-scrubbed table, and the children thought she had forgotten all about it. Instead of seaweed they had a delicious milky pudding with cream.

After it was all eaten Grannie said: "Well, how did you like your carrageen?"

"Carrageen?" cried John and Betty.

"You have just eaten it," laughed Grannie.

John and Betty couldn't believe that the delicious pudding they had eaten had been made with seaweed.

They were so excited that they gathered and bleached a whole boxful, and Betty learned how to cook it to surprise Mummy when she got home.

MAGNESIA IS FOUND TO MAKE THE TEETH NOTICEABLY WHITER

Do you want whiter teeth? Thanks to the discovery of what 'Milk of Magnesia' does to the acid discoloration of tooth enamel, people with the dingiest teeth are making them gleaming white.

So get a dentifrice containing sufficient 'Milk of Magnesia,' and its use will immediately wash away every stain. You can actually see the teeth whiten day by day, until they are a clear, natural white. Phillips' Dental Magnesia, containing 75% 'Milk of Magnesia,' will do this every time. Be sure of the dentifrice you use, however; it must contain 'Milk of Magnesia.'

Plenty of people have made this discovery, because dentists have been recommending this new type of dentifrice to their patients. Not only because of its remarkable whitening action, but for acid mouth. Phillips' Dental Magnesia has been found the most effective neutralizer of the mouth acids which cause cavities and cause carefully-filled cavities to fall away from the filling. Even tartar cannot form when 'Milk of Magnesia' keeps the mouth alkaline; teeth are as clean and smooth at the gumline as on polished surfaces.

However, it's the amazing whitening properties of 'Milk of Magnesia' that won such a large portion of the populace to this new type of dentifrice. Women are particularly partial to it, because noticeably white teeth are a true beauty asset. The words 'Milk of Magnesia' referred to by the writer of this article constitute the trade mark distinguishing Phillips' preparation of Magnesia as originally prepared by The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. To obtain the dentifrice recommended ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Price 6d., 10d., 1/6 the tube of all chemists and stores.



When communicating with advertisers be sure to mention that you saw the announcement in THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER.

THE BRAN TUB

The Stick Problem

I HAD a stick which weighed eight pounds, I sawed it up one day In pieces eight of equal weight. How much did each piece weigh?
Answer next week

Cutting

THE difference between a sharp knife and a blunt one is that one cuts thoroughly; the other cuts tho' roughly.

Ici on Parle Français



Le cerceau Le parc La grille
hoop park railings
Jeanne roule son cerceau dans le parc. Voyez! Il s'est pris dans la grille.

Jane is bowling her hoop in the park. See! It has got caught in the railings.

This Week in Nature

AN insect pest which is now seen in gardens is the cockchafer. This insect can be recognised by the peculiar bent projection at the end of the body and the rows of triangular white spots along its sides. The eggs are laid in the ground, and when hatched the grubs remain in the ground for three years,

feeding on the roots of grass and other underground crops, particularly potatoes. For this reason the insect should be destroyed when seen.

What Happened on Your Birthday

May 22. Wagner born . . . 1813
23. Thomas Hood born . . . 1799
24. Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, died . . . 1089
25. Emerson born . . . 1803
26. Samuel Pepys died . . . 1703
27. John Calvin died . . . 1564
28. Thomas Moore born . . . 1779

Magic Figures

9 x 9 + 7 = 88
9 x 98 + 6 = 888
9 x 987 + 5 = 8888
9 x 9876 + 4 = 88888
9 x 98765 + 3 = 888888
9 x 987654 + 2 = 8888888
9 x 9876543 + 1 = 88888888
9 x 98765432 + 0 = 888888888
9 x 987654321 - 1 = 8888888888

A Curious Word

THERE is a very remarkable word in the English language. The first two letters of this word signify a man, the first three a woman, the first four a man, and the whole word of seven letters a woman. Can you guess what it is?
Answer next week

A Berg Breaker

A BENIGN and considerate whale Met an iceberg adrift in a gale. "Such a huge one," said he, "Is a danger at sea!" So he smashed it up small with his tail.

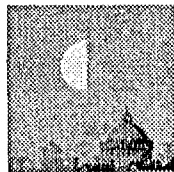
If You Can't Read

THE following notice was to be seen in a Herefordshire village some years ago: John Jones Tailor and Butcher Three Miles up this road

If you can't read this ask at the Blacksmith's.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Venus and Mars are in the west and Neptune in the south. In the morning Jupiter is in the south-east and Saturn in the east. The picture shows the moon at seven o'clock on Sunday morning, May 22.



A Long Sum

A SCHOOLMASTER was asking some arithmetic questions. One question was, "How many times can 16 be subtracted from 250?" and the master thought that the boys would simply divide 250 by 16. But when examining the papers he came across one like this:

250	250	250	250	250
16	16	16	16	16
234	234	234	234	234

I can do this any number of times.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

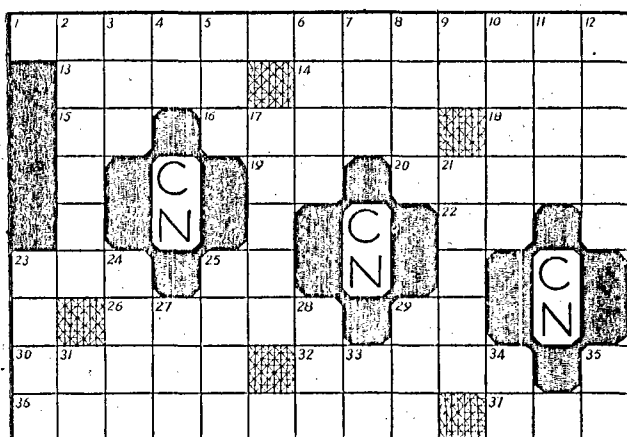
Peter Puck's Fun Fair

Birds of a feather flock together. The name of each object is Viola.

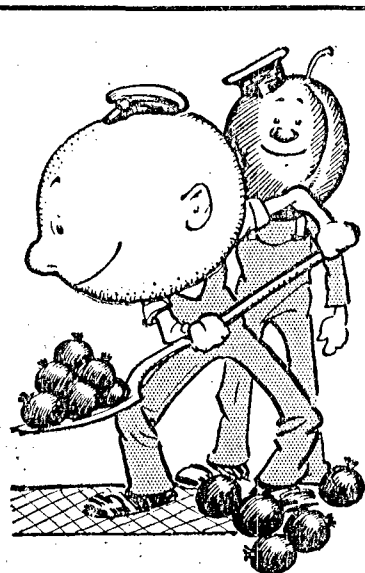
Reading Across. 1. Name of the figure enclosing this puzzle design. 13. The top of the head. 14. A course of duties regularly performed. 15. Surrounded by. 16. Violent blasts of wind. 18. To put on. 19. Compass point. 20. To extend in a particular direction. 22. Heraldic term for gold. 23. So-called black bread is made from this. 25. Accomplish. 26. An idler. 29. Nova Scotia. 30. A tiny medicine bottle. 32. Unwilling. 36. Making a quick succession of small sounds, as with hurrying feet. 37. A sheep.

Reading Down. 2. Place where bees are kept. 3. Retreated hurriedly. 4. Preposition. 5. A limb. 6. The Celtic language of the Highlands. 7. A considerable quantity. 8. To eject. 9. Great. 10. An equestrian. 11. Forthwith. 12. Repairs. 17. A combination. 21. To cook in an oven. 23. A ribbed dress fabric. 24. To prepare for publication. 25. That which is dealt out. 27. Destructive rodent. 28. A High Priest of the Temple. 29. To find fault constantly. 31. An exclamation denoting surprise. 33. Above and touching. 34. Personal pronoun. 35. Myself.

The CN Cross Word Puzzle



Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues. Answer next week



FOR FLAMING THIRST,
SAID STOKER CHUTE -
IN ROWNTREE'S YOU CAN
TASTE THE FRUIT!

Rowntree's
Fruit Gums
& Pastilles



Gar.MCN